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The Nation

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Vol. CXXVIII NEW YORK, WEDNESDAY, APRIL 10, 1929 No. 3327

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Subscription Rates: Five dollars per annum postpaid in the United States and Mexico; to Canada, $5.50; and to foreign countries of the Postal Union, $6.00.

THE NATION, No. 20 Vesey Street, New York City, Cable Address: Nation, New York. British Agent of Subscriptions and Advertising, Miss Gertrude M. Cross, 34, Clifton Gardens, W. 9, London, England.

THE NATION is on file in most public and college libraries and is indexed in the *Readers' Guide to Periodical Literature.*

THE PROHIBITION POT is boiling boisterously—or perhaps we should say brewing busily—and the tenth year of the "noble experiment" finds it more involved in public controversy than at any time since its inception. On top of the violent attack upon the Canadian schooner I'm Alone by the Coast Guard, the drowning of one of her crew, and the silly melodrama of bringing the others in manacles through the streets of New Orleans, came news of the brutal—and probably indefensible—shooting of a woman by State officers in Aurora, Illinois. And to cap the climax two members of Congress who have voted as ardent Drys are accused of having acted like thirst-consumed Wets. Two customs inspectors in New York City have reported that Representative Morgan of Ohio had liquor in his baggage when he returned from abroad, while Representative Michaelson of Chicago is charged with having abused the privilege of free entry, extended to him in Key West, to bring in assorted drinkables from Cuba. The homeward flight of Mr. Michaelson's baggage was interrupted in Jacksonville because, so it is charged, one of his trunks was found to be leaking in a spirited and spirituous fashion. But Mr. Michaelson's misfortune is chiefly interesting because, although it happened practically a year ago, no indictment was found against him until last September and then the entire winter was allowed to slip by without serving a warrant of arrest. At this writing there is a lively contest in passing the buck among federal officials in Jacksonville, Chicago, and Washington, but it will require much snappier explaining than any so far given to the public to convince it that there was no intention to sidetrack and forget the prosecution of Representative Michaelson.

THOUSANDS OF WORDS have been printed about the sinking of the I'm Alone, but the two essential points are as much in doubt as ever. The first—a point of fact—is whether the rum-running schooner was within an hour's steaming distance of our coast when it was first hailed by the Coast Guard. The second—a question of interpretation—is whether, granting that the I'm Alone was found within the above limits, our liquor treaty with Great Britain allowed us to pursue and sink the vessel beyond those waters. It is stated on the authority of the British Embassy in Washington that had the I'm Alone been overhauled inside the three-mile limits, what is known in international law as the right of "hot pursuit" would have justified the Coast Guard in following the vessel beyond territorial waters, but it is held that the liquor treaty was not intended to give the right of "hot pursuit" in regard to a vessel found in the more extended region covered by that agreement only. Secretary Mellon, acting more in the spirit of a petty chief trying to shield his subordinates than the impartial head of a great department, rushed into print with a defense of the sinking under the tariff laws. The tariff act of 1922 does purport to give us rights of search and seizure to a distance of twelve miles from our coast, but it is a question how far other nations admit those powers, and so far we have never contended that they justified a sinking or "hot pursuit" of a vessel not found inside the three-mile limits. The State Department, unlike Mr. Mellon, has acted with admirable calm and restraint, which, taken in connection with the excellent temper displayed by the English and Canadians, has relieved the incident of danger. We hope the case will be submitted to arbitration, so that the Coast Guard may have proper bearings for its course in future.

ALANSON B. HOUGHTON, in his speech of farewell on the occasion of retiring from the British ambassadorship, showed the same good sense, good taste, and good-fellowship that has distinguished his stay in London as well as his previous sojourn in Berlin. He courageously attacked the problem that is worrying English-speaking people on both sides of the Atlantic—that of Anglo-American relations. Englishmen hate Americans, we are told; Americans despise Englishmen. What will be the result? Mr.

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Houghton put his finger on two important points. He said:

> If any one is anxious about Anglo-American relations because there are unsolved problems between the two people I have no words to comfort him. There never will be a time when such problems do not exist. And if he is alarmed by loose talk he hears about the danger incident to such problems, I can only say to him that the world has become astonishingly safe for loose talk. It is one of the luxuries of security.

Good-will, went on the ambassador, exists in large quantities on either side of the ocean. Yet good-will is not enough unless it implies an "acceptance of the good-will of others and a little less distrust and suspicion which expresses itself in the form of armaments." Nations are not like individuals; we pick our friends because of similarity of tastes or temper; nations are forced into comity by exigencies of climate, geography, national wants. They must learn to respect each others' differences of tastes and temper. And, went on Mr. Houghton: "The real peoples . . . are made up of millions of kindly, decent, hard-working, God-fearing men and women who possess innate common sense, and are busy about their own affairs, who do not fear one another—who want to live in peace and who mean, God willing, to do so."

FEW EDITORS HAVE MONEY ENOUGH to write assuredly about finance, and we confess to some doubt in regard to the controversy between Senator Glass of Virginia and ex-Senator Owen of Oklahoma over the action of Charles E. Mitchell, president of the National City Bank of New York, in coming to the aid of the New York Stock Exchange when call money zoomed skyward to 20 per cent. Mr. Mitchell, by offering the resources of his bank, brought call money back to earth and stopped a selling movement that had become almost a rout. But to do this Mr. Mitchell borrowed from the New York Federal Reserve Bank, of which he is a director. Senator Glass says that Mr. Mitchell acted in opposition to the effort of the Federal Reserve Board to check the bull rampage in Wall Street, that body having lately asked member banks to devote their funds to the needs of business and curtail their loans to stock speculators. Mr. Mitchell ought to be asked to resign as a director of the Federal Reserve Bank, says Mr. Glass, and his criticism takes importance from the fact that he was one of the authors of the act establishing the Federal Reserve System. But it happens that ex-Senator Owen was coauthor of the measure, and he defends Mr. Mitchell, taking the position that the Federal Reserve Board is without authority to direct the lending policy of member banks or to ask Mr. Mitchell to resign. We find ourselves in doubt, and almost indifferent. So long as the profits system rules industry, so long will the New York Stock Exchange be primarily a gambling game. So will most other business. There must be rules, but the primary purpose of taking money out of one man's pocket to put in another's must not be interfered with.

IF PRESIDENT BROOKS of the University of Missouri really wanted to avert notoriety resulting from a questionnaire on the subject of sex circulated among the students, he would not have adopted the expedient of dismissing the two professors and one student responsible for it. He would in fact have done nothing at all. The questionnaire would then have made its rounds, the answers would have been duly tabulated, the course on "family life" would have been enlivened with some interesting statistics, and the routine of the college would have continued as before. But President Brooks is evidently a man of action rather than thought; or perhaps he is a politician, or a publicity expert, or a promoter. In any case, he succeeded in having expelled from the University Professors Max Meyer and Harmon O. De Graffe, and O. H. Mowrer, a student assistant in psychology. Dr. Meyer, who has taught psychology at Missouri for twenty-five years and is an internationally recognized authority, has since his dismissal been unanimously elected president of the Southern Society of Philosophy and Psychology. No sooner was the action of the president announced than the university was visited with a downpour of notoriety. A student mass meeting denounced the president's action, the local newspapers and the press of St. Louis flamed with headlines, and the legislature listened to reports of the summary decision of the university authorities.

WIDE-SPREAD REBELLION is breaking out in Southern textile mills against the wages, hours, and working conditions which have made these mills the sorest spots in American manufacturing. Four strikes in two weeks in Tennessee and South Carolina mills have brought partial victory to the strikers in two instances. At Elizabethton, Tennessee, where Herbert Hoover delivered a campaign speech on the glories of the American home, 800 girls walked out of the rayon plant of the American Glanzstoff Corporation in protest against their wages of $5 to $12 a week. When they were joined by several thousand fellow-workers from the American Bemberg Corporation, which is controlled by the same owners, the employers became disturbed and granted a small increase to settle the strike. Meanwhile in South Carolina cotton mills, which have much lower labor standards than the rayon plants of Tennessee, rebellion has broken out against the "stretch-out system" proposed by the Brandon Corporation of Greenville which, according to the workers, would require a weaver who now operates thirty to forty looms to operate seventy looms for less pay. At Woodruff, North Carolina, 500 workers of the same corporation went out in sympathy. At Pelzer, South Carolina, a quick strike against the "stretch-out system" ended in the temporary surrender of the employers, and the workers returned under the old conditions. Pelzer is the community which was chosen by the National Industrial Conference Board a few years ago as the typical rural mill-town of the South, and it was discovered by this employers' organization that the cost of living in this town was just as high as in New England mill-towns while the working hours were much longer and the wages much lower. The average wage of all cotton-mill workers in the four Southern States leading in textiles is about $12 a week.

FRANCIS A. WINSLOW, judge of the United States District Court in the Southern District of New York, has resigned under fire and the resignation has been accepted by President Hoover. In consequence United States Attorney Tuttle will drop his inquiry into the official conduct of Judge Winslow. A federal grand jury had found no evidence which it was willing to accept "in a criminal sense," but declared that the judge had been guilty of "serious indiscretions." It is assumed also that Judge Winslow's

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resignation will end the impeachment proceedings against him which had been begun in Congress, although the New York *World,* to which credit should be given for exposing the discreditable conditions in bankruptcy which opened up the investigation, says with much logic that the inquiry ought to go on. It is recalled that when Federal Judge George W. English resigned under charges in 1926 the House promptly dropped impeachment proceedings against him, but the precedent is not necessarily binding.

WESTERN CANADA has declared war upon those intemperate and short-sighted groups in the United States who are asking for higher duties on Canadian farm products. Agricultural organizations, boards of trade, chambers of commerce, and associations of farmers and fruit growers are urging the Canadian Parliament to raise a tariff wall "brick for brick" with the United States barrier. Men and political parties hitherto committed to low tariffs are now asking for high duties against United States imports, and drastic reprisals are being suggested. According to one proposal, increased preference would be given to goods and farm implements manufactured in Great Britain, while another suggestion is that importations of farm implements from the United States should be stopped. This trade, in 1928, was worth $800,000,000 to the United States. Canada is awaiting with belligerent interest the tariff legislation of the approaching extra session of Congress. Let us hope that the tariff hounds will be kept in leash.

FOR THE PRESENT they continue to demonstrate their petty, insatiable greed by demanding a tariff on everything from straw hats to pearl buttons. Their most brazen demand is that duties be levied on the basis of American valuation. Since, almost invariably, American production costs are higher than foreign costs, this would automatically raise the tariff all along the line, and make us even more cordially hated by the rest of the world. The most ridiculous demand comes from a farmer who, in a recent magazine article, asks for a tariff on bananas to increase the demand for native apples. California wants a duty on figs to protect the "infant" fig industry of that great State against the ravages of Turkish figs. And at this point let us put on record the fact that on February 20 the then President Coolidge, by solemn proclamation, raised the tariff on another heathen product—frozen eggs from China. It is good to know that henceforth heathen eggs will find it not so easy to poach upon the corned-beef hash of a Christian nation.

THE SLOGAN by which the American Tobacco Company adjures us to reach for one of its cigarettes instead of a sweet veils a sinister attack on Cuban sugar, according to the leading Havana daily, *El Mundo*. This paper makes no issue of American tobacco versus Cuban, suggesting snobbishly that there is hardly a question as to which of them is the better. "Toasting," it says, "is no proof of a good cigarette"; it prefers a "solid and consistent" smoke. But to promise youthful leanness by way of cigarettes is a blow below the belt, *El Mundo* contends, and particularly below the Cuban belt, because American sugar is protected by the Sugar Institute, whereas the Cuban product is defenseless and at the mercy of unscrupulous tobacco advertising. "The painful thing in the publicity campaign of those cigarettes," it therefore concludes, "is that it seems directed hostilely against Cuban sugar. Under the hyperbolic praise . . . can be glimpsed the attack, which does not seem fundamentally honest, on the consumption of Cuban sugar by the people of the United States." Sugar is a dangerous word to say in Cuba, especially now, when there is talk of raising the tariff, for a duty designed to give more protection to American sugar producers could play havoc with Cuban economic stability. The matter looms so large in the Cuban mind as to make tariffs look like persecution; and a slogan that slurs sweets is insult added to injury.

BRANDER MATTHEWS, dead suddenly of influenza after long illness from another cause, had been for several decades a famous figure in American letters. Without any kind of profundity, but with all kinds of humaneness and intelligence, he cultivated the various fields of criticism, literary history, linguistics, biography, poetry, playwriting, and fiction; and if he planted no permanent growths in most of these fields it may be said of him that he left traces of civilization wherever he stepped. He was a witty man with a wide acquaintance, especially among writers of France and of the English-speaking world; devoted to all things American, he yet was cosmopolitan in one of the most attractive senses of the word. Ultimately insignificant as poet, story-writer, or playwright, he nevertheless continued in his passionate devotion to the last of these arts, and achieved in his volumes on Molière and Shakespeare two critical works of solid merit; his ambition to write a third book on Sophocles was never realized. His miscellaneous criticism, of which there was a great deal, was graceful; and it was often useful for the definitions of tendencies and types which the singularly clear mind of its author furnished without any apparent effort. At Columbia University, where his teaching was a tradition for many years, and elsewhere he was known as the best talker of his time. He was particularly engaging in reminiscence, an art which bore fruit toward the close of his career in the autobiography "These Many Years."

THE COMPETITION of the manufacturers of cars has created a new custom in America. Years ago an American bought a car and treasured it until it coughed its way into silence, just as he bought a watch "to last a lifetime." Now he may keep his watch until it wears out, but rarely his car. By most persons last year's car is regarded as more out of date than last year's hat. And this has created a mystery we have not yet been able to solve. Where do used cars go when they die? Everyone is familiar with the lonely graves that line the highways of the country. We know of one automobile graveyard which covers perhaps ten acres of Connecticut landscape. There, in serried ranks, they stand, thousands of engineless cars in various stages of decay, decked in autumn tints of rust. There are probably many more such graveyards between New York and San Francisco. It seems inevitable that in a few years' time the entire country will be covered with old cars, as with a plague. We are relieved therefore to learn that the used-car situation in Chicago, at least, is to be eased. Two hundred "old" cars, some of them only four years of age, have been taken to an island in Lake Michigan. They are to be destroyed by bombs hurled from airplanes.

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A Practical Peace Program

IF you were the dictator of America or England what immediate steps would you take toward international peace? As a practical politician how much ahead of the rest of the world would you be ready to put your country in the direction of disarmament and arbitration?

This question has been put and answered by the British Labor Party, if we are to accept a dispatch from Geneva to the New York *World,* purporting to summarize the peace program of Ramsay MacDonald. The announcement may not be authentic. So far as we are aware, it has neither been confirmed nor denied in London. But if the program has not yet been agreed upon we hope it will be, for it would be a great step toward international peace and a definite relief to the tension between Great Britain and this country. Of course Mr. MacDonald is not a dictator, but if the Labor Party should come into power in the forthcoming elections he will be the Prime Minister, and in any event he will have a following in Parliament sufficient to exert large influence. As set forth in the *World* the MacDonald peace program is as follows:

1. Military disarmament to the minimum required for police purposes.
2. A naval agreement with the United States involving even surrender of theoretical offensive equality, through acceptance of the American thesis of 10,000-ton, 8-inch gun cruisers advocated at the ill-fated Geneva conference of 1927.
3. Withdrawal of the Conservative Government's reservations to the Kellogg pact for renunciation of war as an instrument of national policy.
4. Signing of the optional clause making arbitration by the World Court compulsory.
5. Signature and ratification of the General Act of the 1928 Assembly of the League of Nations for peaceful settlement of all disputes.
6. Repudiation of the Anglo-French naval rapprochement negotiations.
7. Agreement with France for immediate withdrawal of the Rhineland troops of occupation. Otherwise, withdrawal, independently, of all British forces.
8. Ratification of the Washington eight-hour-day convention and the League's treaty for control of traffic in arms.
9. Recognition of Soviet Russia.
10. Adoption by treaties of the Wilsonian theory of complete freedom of the high seas both in peace and war time in so far as restricted by joint international action for joint enforcement of international covenants.

Not only does this strike us as excellent policy for Great Britain, but with slight modifications to suit our situation most of the points would constitute an equally good immediate peace program for the United States. The first could be accepted exactly as it stands, with the latitude it gives for gradual and logical reduction of military forces. The second proposal, if we interpret it correctly, is a full acceptance of the basis for naval disarmament which the United States proposed at the Geneva conference in 1927 but to which Great Britain would not give her consent. It will be recalled that at President Harding's naval limitation conference in Washington in 1922 cruisers were restricted to 10,000 tons each, with guns of not more than eight inches, but there was no limitation placed upon the number of cruisers. At the conference in Geneva in 1927 the United States offered to limit the total tonnage of its cruisers but was unwilling to reduce their size or armament. Great Britain, on the other hand, proposed a reduction in the size of individual cruisers but did not wish to limit the number. On this rock the conference went to pieces.

The practical trouble with the Kellogg Treaty, as we have frequently pointed out, is in its reservations. Those laid down by Great Britain have been unkindly but fairly described as setting up a British Monroe Doctrine and have subtle and extensive possibilities for nullifying the value of the treaty. As Sir Austen Chamberlain put it in his note: "There are certain regions of the world the welfare and integrity of which constitute a special and vital interest for our peace and safety." The Kellogg Treaty was accepted only in so far as it did not interfere with British action in that respect, thus barring it in the very issues where it would be expected to be of greatest value. The Labor Party, if we are to accept the dispatch from Geneva, would disclaim this stultifying reservation if it came into power. In return the United States should, of course, throw overboard the qualification which the Senate attached to our ratification, whereby we excepted from the operation of the treaty questions involving the Monroe Doctrine and the protection of our citizens abroad. We commented last week on the futility of the World Court so long as the major Powers refused to accept its jurisdiction as compulsory. Mr. MacDonald wisely sees that the hope of effective action by the court lies in giving it more rather than less power. The United States is still outside the court, but if it is the part of wisdom for us to enter at all it should certainly be on a basis such as that envisaged by Mr. MacDonald.

The fifth and sixth points in the program apply specifically to Great Britain and suggest no measures here of a similar sort. It may be said in passing, though, that while the recent Anglo-French secret agreement is already dead by voice of the British people, it ought to be officially cremated by the Government. The proposed agreement with France for withdrawal of Allied troops from the Rhineland suggests no direct counterpart in this country, but it ought to be as heartily desired here as in Europe, since it would remove a cause of much humiliation to Germany. Technically the Allies are not bound to remove their troops until 1935 (not then unless the terms of the peace have been complied with), but continuation of the occupation now can accomplish nothing except to increase the military expenses of the Allies and cause bitterness among the Germans. The eight-hour convention was adopted in Washington ten years ago as part of the labor program of the League of Nations, but has not been ratified by Great Britain. The present Government declares its belief in the principles of the convention but objects to the draft; it declares that acceptance might actually hinder rather than help the progress of the short-hour movement in Great Britain.

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So far as the recognition of Russia is concerned, *The Nation,* of course, would be for that plank without change in any peace program put forward by the United States. It is bound to come presently both here and in Great Britain, regardless of the fate of the Labor Party, for every year of stable, orderly administration by the Soviet Government makes refusal to recognize it increasingly ridiculous, inconvenient, and commercially short-sighted.

The last point in the MacDonald memorandum is, like the second, a direct concession to the United States in the interest of mutual peace. It would abandon the historic British policy of seeking to prevent neutrals from trading with a nation with which the British were at war, replacing the doctrine with the American belief in freedom of the seas.

The New International Socialism

WITH a great hullabaloo Sir Henri Deterding, managing director of the Royal Dutch-Shell oil companies, has arrived on our shores, and the immediate result is an agreement among the American oil producers to limit production in 1929. To this program Sir Henri promises "100 per cent cooperation," though precisely what that means is not made clear. Sir Henri's companies produce largely in the United States and in Mexico, and dominate the Venezuelan fields—and Venezuela today produces more oil than Russia, Persia, or Mexico. Presumably also Sir Henri speaks in some degree for the allied Anglo-Persian interests, and the Burmese; but not—not by a gusherful—for the Russian. Which is a significant fact.

By a coincidence the newspapers of March 28, which carried the announcement of the international plans to curtail oil production, also carried the statement from Paris that the "Erma" (the European Rail Makers' Association) was to change its name to "Irma" (the International Rail Makers' Association) and include Yankee steel producers in another gigantic international trust.

The world, as we have pointed out, is being internationalized—one might almost say that it is being socialized—but not by the internationalists and socialists. Big business is at work realizing in its own manner the dreams of those whom it has most bitterly fought. It has discovered that in business competition between national units does not pay. And while the governments continue to scowl at one another according to the habit of the centuries, the men who really pull the strings are learning to work together.

It is not to be supposed that these gentlemen are filled with the sweet oil of altruism, or that the millennium has arrived. Their intention is solely to make more money, and if a certain diminution of international friction results, that is simply a by-product. The facts remain, however, and they are significant. They mark a trend which will be still more evident a half century hence than it is today. Even before the war manufacturers in Europe, alarmed by the price-cutting effects of "excessive competition," had begun to effect agreements covering widely divergent industries—rails, wire, cement, zinc, plate-glass, sewing-cotton, chemicals, etc.—based upon allocation of markets, regulation of prices, exchange of patents, and even regulation of production. But none of these had really covered the field. The German, French, British, and Belgian steel-makers in 1926 reached a new and more sweeping agreement, which, while it made no direct attempt to control prices, set a fiscal penalty upon steel-makers who exceeded their allotted quota.

The Americans were not included in this 1926 agreement. But no agreement which excluded the United States could cover the field. The United States, which in 1913 produced less than one-third of the world's steel, had by 1926 come to produce substantially one-half. Europe might limit its production, but the United States did not. And the new agreement among the rail-makers is evidence that they have grasped the elementary economic axiom that limitation of production can be successful only if every significant producer is included in the agreement.

Rubber—do you recall the British attempt to hold down the production of rubber, so that the price went skyrocketing? The British rubber producers made millions for the moment; the Dutch, however, quietly made even more. While the British restricted the Dutch expanded. Again, the Dutch did not participate in the international sugar agreements which Cuba sought to organize, with the result that Java alone profited by the Cuban endeavor. These international agreements are risky business unless the entire world is included. It is possible that Sir Henri Deterding and his friends may learn this good old lesson in oil.

Russia cannot be counted out in the economic any more than in the political field; it is just as inane to attempt to control the world's oil production, leaving the Caucasus out of account, as to attempt a league of nations, an agreement to disarm, or a peace protocol which leaves that enormous empire out of account. Already Russian oil has forced Deterding to compromise in England and in India, and it has disturbed the delicate balance arranged by the British and American oil companies for their products in China. Sir Henri, much as he dislikes them, will have to work on very intimate terms with the Bolsheviks before he can settle the world price of oil. For the interests of business, even more than sentiment or humanity, today demand that the world organize itself as a single economic unit.

There is another sadly unsentimental aspect to this development. For years the geologists and the economists have been warning us that the oil supply was running low. It took the old earth millennia to produce the oil which we now extract in a single day. Particularly in the United States, which is today producing some 70 per cent of the world's current oil supply, the gushers may run dry in a decade. But, despite Congressional committees and expert commissions, the oil producers have rushed madly on. If they see opportunity for more money this year, they snatch it. "To hell with future generations" has been their motto. At last they have decided to curtail production. And why? Simply because prices were falling! The cardinal crime of our generation is price-cutting. If the price level is menaced, then, and then only, will we conserve our natural resources. Two decades ago all the high priests of business were lauding competition and denouncing the dead hand of socialistic monopoly; today, dreading competition, they lay the basis of international socialism. And no one bursts into the Homeric laughter which the occasion merits.

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A Law Laboratory

IN his inaugural address President Hoover joined those who have been deploring the breakdown of the administration of justice in this country. He finds that our legal system is "ill adapted to present-day conditions" and that "there is a belief abroad that by invoking technicalities, subterfuge, and delay the ends of justice may be thwarted by those who can pay the cost." He says that "To consider these evils, to find their remedy, is the most sore necessity of our times." His method is to appoint a national commission to investigate.

Governor Roosevelt, in his first message to the New York Legislature, also deplored this condition. He, too, finds that "We have built up a highly complicated system of judicial process, both criminal and civil, which does not conform to the ideals of modern efficiency and simplicity." He, too, will appoint a commission.

Law schools have been studying the law, and legal scholars are able to ascertain what it is. But what the law does, and what it should be, are matters that have received slight study. Johns Hopkins University has established an Institute for the Study of Law to find out these things. The persistent complaints which have arisen of the ineffectiveness of justice, the uncertainty and wasted effort caused by the complexity and confusion in the sources of law, and the obsolescence of existing legal institutions in the face of rapidly changing social conditions are the important subjects to be studied. Johns Hopkins realizes that a knowledge of the effect of the actual operation of law is essential to enable us to understand the problem. Law is a device to regulate human conduct. The value of law can be determined only by finding out how it works. This cannot be known by studying law as a separate and distinct thing. It must be considered in relation to present-day conditions and in conjunction with economics, politics, and other social sciences.

Most of our law is based upon conditions which existed at a time when the aspect of society and the purposes and habits of the people were wholly different from what they are at present. The introduction of power machinery; the removal of population from rural districts to the cities; the changing occupations of individuals; the weakening regulation by the church; the mobility of persons and ideas, due to new inventions; the rapidly increasing size and complexity of business; the changing position of women in the family; the concentration of government functions and the altered status of the individual—these are some of the extraordinary changes of the past fifty years.

This new pioneer work is similar to the task undertaken by Johns Hopkins when it started its medical school with Osler, Welch, Halstead, and Kelly. These four men showed what scientific research could do for medicine, and there is no reason why similar results cannot be accomplished in the field of law. The Institute is starting with four men—Walter Wheeler Cook, Professor of Law at Yale; Herman Oliphant, Professor of Law at Columbia; Leon Carroll Marshall, Director of Economics and Business at the University of Chicago; and Hessell Edward Yntema, Professor of Roman Law and Jurisprudence at Columbia.

Pat and the D. A. R.

ONCE more the Daughters of the American Revolution have rushed into the breach and saved Old Glory from the dust. The breach and the dust are in the neighborhood of a Tucson, Arizona, high-school, and the vanquished traitor is Pat O'Brien, otherwise christened Joseph Patrick O'Brien III. But Pat, being Irish, is not quite willing to admit that he is vanquished, and most of Arizona agrees with him. The story is told by the Arizona *Daily Star*.

Pat read a notice in the Tucson high-school that the local D. A. R. would award a prize of $7 for the best essay written by a high-school student about American policies and ideals. He decided to enter the competition and chose for his subject the policy of the United States in Nicaragua. The five hundred essays submitted in the competition were turned over for judgment to a teacher from New Jersey who was visiting in Tucson at that time, with the result that Pat's essay was placed at the top. But the local leaders of the D. A. R. took one look at the essay and shrank back in horror. Never, they said, would the Daughters of the American Revolution touch a thing like that. For Pat had said a number of things which good little Americans should never say if they are to win prizes from the D. A. R. Specifically:

> For years American business men have had interests in Nicaragua. American capital has developed the natural resources of that republic; this investment of time and money has always been welcomed by the government of Nicaragua; they appreciate the benefits derived from this solicitation, but they do contest the right of the government of the United States to control the destinies of their nation for "the protection of American lives and property."
>
> The conduct of the United States government during the Panama revolt has been called atrocious, but it is as nothing compared to the inconceivably un-American attitude of President Coolidge and the State Department during the recent Nicaraguan revolt. Our marines have been sent to Nicaragua to safeguard American lives, and, while doing this, violated the sacred character of the ballot by controlling Nicaraguan elections to suit the desires of the American State Department. Our government repeatedly refused to recognize Dr. Sacasa or General Chamorro as Nicaraguan executives, claiming that neither had been lawfully elected. Whether or not there is any truth to this charge is not known at the present time, but the immediate recognition of Senor Diaz, who was friendly to American interests, causes suspicion as to the validity of these charges. Diaz accomplished no more while in office than his predecessors, but merely because he was supported by the government of the United States the Nicaraguan people were forced to accept him. . . .
>
> Perhaps some day the people of the United States will forbid their government to perform acts contrary to the principles of democracy for which this nation stands; and the Stars and Stripes, freed from the blemishes of imperialism, will stand once more as the symbol of liberty and democracy for all.

The Nation has forwarded to Pat O'Brien the $7 which the D. A. R. refused to give him. Never, we believe, has a gift of $7 given the giver a more sublime and hilarious sense of downright virtue.

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It Seems to Heywood Broun

THE Drifter in *The Nation* of last week wanted to know whether there was any difference between giving a testimonial to a book or to a cigarette. I think there is unless the reviewer uses the blindfold test. My name was drawn somewhat inaccurately into the Drifter's speculations, for I was mentioned as one who had written an endorsement for "The Cradle of the Deep." But through school spirit I was acquitted with the rest in this particular case since "None of them received payment for his tribute."

I won't be whitewashed. I did get paid and even so I cannot stand as any horrible example. "Hitherto," says the Drifter, "publishers have waited for critics to express themselves in print and then have quoted whatever was favorable. But the day appears to have arrived when publishers go into the market-place and try to engage critics as special pleaders to boost their wares."

Whether or not this might grow into a grievous fault I am not prepared to say, because in the incident specifically mentioned the process was the more familiar one of a printed review preceding a place upon the jacket. The Drifter neglected to inform himself that my laudatory words were quoted from an article which appeared in the *Book-of-the-Month Club Bulletin.* But may be the Drifter doesn't like book clubs or "The Cradle of the Deep." As an employee of a book club my opinion in the matter may not be wholly neutral, but it seems to me that certain reasons advanced against this system of selection are not well founded. Quite often I have read fierce attacks based on the charge of standardization. Some say that it is monstrous that one hundred thousand, or thereabouts, should all begin upon the same book at the same time. It is better, so the criticism runs, for each reader in the land to make his own selection and be beholden to no outsider for advice.

But this argument presupposes a Utopia which has not yet existed. Mildly I wish to know if standardization was unknown in the days before the book clubs. Was there not a season in which everybody bought "Main Street," whether he liked it or not, because it was the thing to do? In fact has there ever been a time in American letters when thousands did not wait the word of some Billy Phelps to make up their minds in the matter of current reading?

However, a survey several years ago revealed the fact that the most potent factor in suggesting titles was the clerk in the retail store. More than half the patrons came into the shop with no more definite idea than a desire for "A good novel." Or maybe wanting something "For my little niece in Chicago who'll be eleven or twelve on her next birthday." It may be said not unreasonably that the book clubs have commercialized the sheeplike qualities of the public. But there were other collies before the clubs came in. The bookseller's clerk might in certain cases pass on some favorite volume of his own, but there was at least the possibility that he might at times try to pass into circulation some book which had lingered persistently upon the shelves.

It might have been assumed that in the process of selection for the masses the clubs would lean a little heavily upon the lighter and more popular sort of reading. This has not been the case. In fact I think it would be more just to say that on the whole the fare has been a shade too heavy. Worthy books have been selected in some cases rather than those which provided sheer entertainment. The public in its present temper wants nothing so much as improvement and education. Personally I am not much in sympathy with those who seek culture one inch at a time all through the long pursuit of any five-foot shelf. Or rather I do sympathize, for it seems to me that the goal may not often be attained in any such manner.

Culture is a little bit like the manna of heaven and may descend upon the good even in the space of a single day. At any rate there is no culture worth the name unless it is accompanied by a certain zest. I hate to see any one seeking knowledge with knitted brows. Too great a gulf has been placed between learning and laughter. Accordingly I welcomed and indeed espoused the choice of "The Cradle of the Deep" as a book-club selection. Violating a confidence, I remember that an associate urged against its claims the fact that it was merely readable. At that point I spoke eloquently for fifteen minutes on the rarity and blessedness of interesting books. But the speech escapes me.

Certain literary sea dogs have advanced the opinion that not all the incidents in the narrative are accurate. Arthur Warner in *The Nation* takes no such definite attitude but confesses an uneasiness at the wealth of incident. "The very essence of life on shipboard is its eventlessness," he writes. And later he adds: "The sea is the landsman's last fairyland. While ready and desirous to know the truth about other aspects of life he seems determined that the sea shall not be robbed of its pristine glamor. Joan Lowell caters delightfully to that demand."

In the eyes of Mr. Warner a reader has no right to any easy delights. It is his notion that the sea must give up its glamor. The landsman's last fairyland should be plowed and sown with salt water. For at the very beginning Mr. Warner says, in commenting upon the question of authenticity: "I lack patience with those muddle-headed persons who chirp: 'What difference does it make? It's a good story anyhow.' "

And that I have chirped and will again. It is Mr. Warner's contention that the records of real life must be kept clear, "Not only as yardsticks by which to measure other such accounts, but as means by which to judge the essential truth of fiction also—to which I do not deny a generous place of its own." But this, it seems to me, is a limited conception of essential truthfulness. No essence can be measured by a yardstick. With almost a grudging gesture Mr. Warner admits fiction into the realm of things which may be true at the core. It is quite possible for fiction to be of even more momentous truthfulness than the most careful record of events. There is a fundamental verity in fairy tales. If to the landsman the sea remains an enchanted kingdom then it is just that in all the portions of the mind which deal in wish-fulfilment. And no one who caters well to the dream life of humanity should be set down as anything but a prophet and a seer.

HEYWOOD BROUN

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"I'm the Constitution" in Louisiana

By GEORGE N. COAD

New Orleans, March 30

"CRIMES and misdemeanors in office, incompetency, corruption, favoritism, oppression in office, and gross misconduct" are among the charges brought against Huey P. Long, Governor of Louisiana, by the State House of Representatives in the impeachment proceedings formally instituted on March 27. Nineteen charges are leveled against the Governor, the most serious being that he "while Governor, while in the city of Baton Rouge and in the Parish of East Baton Rouge, Louisiana, did attempt to hire and induce one H. A. Bozeman to kill and murder one J. Y. Sanders, Jr., a member of the House of Representatives of the State of Louisiana, as shown and set forth in the sworn statement of H. A. Bozeman, March 25, 1929." By a vote of 83 to 3 the House supported the resolution to begin proceedings against the chief executive. The personal political machine which the Governor organized with the State's funds in defiance of the State's laws while his dictatorship of Louisiana was unchallenged seems powerless to help him now that he has been called to account. Since the storm broke in the Legislature—and it was literally a storm, for the session ended in a general free-for-all—Long has held himself incomunicado, and has issued only one statement in his own defense.

It must be admitted that chief among the reasons for the attack on the Governor is his proposal to levy an occupational tax on the business of refining oil. There was a mild and scattered opposition to his political tyranny, but a strong, State-wide assault on his tax as soon as it was proposed. The Governor has fallen back on the old trick of posing as a martyr. He has issued thousands of circulars, printed and distributed by employees of the State departments, blaming all his troubles on the Standard Oil Company. He alleges that the Standard is determined to end his political life because he had dared to propose a just tax on its activities. But the Legislature remains stubbornly unconvinced.

Amid the comic and tragic scenes in Louisiana these days the observer will see a slightly obese, sandy-haired, nervous man, Huey P. Long by name, stalking as a ham actor imagines Napoleon stalked. This comical character is the Governor of Louisiana by grace of a campaign mismanaged by his opponents. Perhaps His Highness's bodyguard will keep the observer at a distance, but even from afar one can note the elegance of his dress, the magnitude of his gems, and the terror in his manner.

The spectacle in Louisiana of a barefaced dictatorship, so surprisingly un-American to outsiders, is not surprising to thousands of home folk. When Huey P. Long was inaugurated Governor, they knew the mad, merry days had come. And even the tragic buffoonery which trampled the constitution under the boots of the military did not surprise them. They knew their man.

The majority of citizens did not want Mr. Long for Governor. But they were in the hands of their leaders. One group of professional politicians by their brazen corruption and another group by their short-sightedness kept a worthy candidate from the people and so made certain the election of Mr. Long by the vote of a minority.

Every action of the Governor from the moment of his inauguration has only added proof to the theory that the goal of his administration has been first to make Huey P. Long the dictator of Louisiana and second to reach the United States Senate. The record shows clearly that every proposal for legislation, every acceptance or rejection of a bill, every appointment to office, every public act of Mr. Long has been designed to create for him a slave-like political machine to thwart the will of the people, mock the Legislature, and circumvent the laws. The record shows that immediately upon taking office Mr. Long began an assault upon every department and board of the State government with the object of making it subservient to his will, although the State constitution provides that many of these shall have a large measure of independence so that such tyranny as Mr. Long aims at may not be achieved. The result has been to spread the blight of spoils politics everywhere, to isolate Mr. Long from all established political factions, and to make him, temporarily at least, the dominant power in the State.

In eight months of office Mr. Long has made puppets of the Highway Commission, the Board of Health, the Orleans Parish Levee Board, the Board of Liquidation, the Board of Education, and the boards of administrators of the two great charity hospitals of the State. He has laid siege to the higher judiciary, to the department of conservation, the State board for the blind, the Board of Commissioners of the Port of New Orleans, and to many smaller agencies of government.

The result is that Mr. Long not only has had a political organization to execute his orders but also has had the wherewithal to feed this organization and assure its loyalty. The highway commission alone will spend scores of millions of dollars in the next four years. The other agencies have large pay-rolls and expend many millions annually. And by his control of the board of liquidation Mr. Long was enabled to borrow money as he liked. He has already forced approval of a number of loans, one of which is to erect a new mansion for himself.

In his march toward power Mr. Long drove from the presidency of the Board of Health the eminent Dr. Oscar Dowling who had held the position under five governors and installed in his stead a man with a certificate to practice medicine but who has practiced politics almost exclusively throughout his life. He drove from the superintendency of the great Charity Hospital at New Orleans Dr. William W. Leake and installed in his stead a man who was an intern at Charity four years ago. He removed the venerable Dr. Roy from the presidency of the State Normal College and began a campaign of terror against teachers of State institutions who have been charged with criticizing him.

In his campaign speeches the Governor promised to reform the government by expelling the pie-eaters and, especially, by honest and efficient administration. And yet he successfully opposed throwing safeguards around the public

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funds which the scandals of the last administration showed were so badly needed. With the example—brought before the people by Long himself—of Highway Commissioner Payne's squandering about five millions of dollars of public money in a vain effort to elect Governor Simpson, Governor Long prevented the installation of the voucher system of public payments. He wanted to keep control of those scores of millions of dollars.

The Governor advocated in his campaign the hard-surfacing of all the principal highways of the State and, by terrorizing the Legislature, had the necessary measures passed. Then he tricked the people with the promise of an advisory committee of citizens of unquestioned honesty to pass upon the construction of highways. And so the people approved at the polls.

But what happened? A few moments after the board of liquidation had authorized the sale of the first instalment of $10,000,000 worth of the bonds, the Governor summoned the eminent highway engineer he had imported from North Carolina as a sop to public opinion.

"Have you had the hard-surfacing program mapped out, Mr. Ames?" he asked.

Chief Engineer Ames replied that sixty more days of work would be required to finish a comprehensive program of hard-surfacing.

"We won't wait that long," said the Governor. And he took a pencil and marked upon the nearest map a number of isolated stretches of highways to be improved.

His puppet highway commission obediently called that same afternoon for bids on this work, although it is supposed to designate the projects, and the advisory committee read about them next morning in the newspapers.

This instance of how the Governor usurps the powers of supposedly independent bodies is typical of his attitude toward the whole government. But he has not contented himself with dominating the administrative machinery of the State. He has lorded it over the Legislature like a Pilsudski, interjecting himself into the affairs of New Orleans and Shreveport, and attempting, by pleading cases in the courts, to overawe judge and jury.

The Governor was best seen in his role of dictator during the sittings of the Legislature. He stamped through committee rooms, assembling or scattering committees with nods or the crooking of a finger, he entered the Senate and House, organized a system of runners upon the floor, and bullied the legislators with frowns and written threats. The spirit of the law is clearly against such bulldozing of the Legislature by the Governor and the history of the State shows no similar behavior on the part of its chief executive, but it is the constant practice of Mr. Long.

Mr. Long attempted to make citizens of Shreveport drop a suit they had brought against his free textbook law by threatening to withhold the city's appropriation of money needed to establish an aviation base near by. But Shreveport told him, the story goes, that he might go to blazes with the town's compliments and the Governor backed down. New Orleans was not so lucky. Last winter the Governor injected himself into the negotiations between the city and the monopolists who sell Orleaneans transportation, electricity, and gas and, by bullying the Legislature, made Orleaneans pay more for natural gas. Then with a divine indifference to facts, the rotund little man proclaimed that by his own efforts he had brought natural gas to New Orleans.

The crowning instance of his delusion of grandeur came in his orders to the military on the night of February 13, to detain, strip, and search citizens suspected of gambling. After watching the dancing and sipping a few highballs in the "studio" of a prominent business man of New Orleans, the Governor retired to his hotel to await the reports of the soldiers he had instructed to raid restaurants where he thought there was gambling. Such use of the military is clearly contrary to the constitution of Louisiana and the Attorney-General has so ruled. But the Governor expected no difficulty. It did not matter to him that the National Guard was operating without warrant from any one, without invitation of the civil authorities, without proclamation of martial law, was, in short, no more than a gang of robbers. The Governor had to convince some people that he was against gambling. And besides the gambling houses were reducing the income of the New Orleans tracks, his chief financial "angels." And so the soldiers raided.

No gambling was found anywhere. No officer or soldier even pretends that any gambling was found. It is admitted that the hundred-odd men and women in the establishments raided were dancing or dining and that the gambling paraphernalia was covered in darkened rooms or piled in storerooms. And yet the troopers carted it off, burned it, seized all the money to be found, and asked the Governor "what next"?

"Strip and search all the people you've got," he ordered.

Reason does not indicate what the Governor hoped to attain by searching these people. But whatever the motive for the order, the stripping was begun.

Some women were obtained somewhere to search the women among the victims. The troopers searched their escorts. Only a few protested at this gross violation of their rights. Only one man and his wife held out firmly against it. The Governor was informed of the obstinacy of two of his subjects.

"Use force," he commanded.

And so, eight hours after the troops had seized them, Mr. and Mrs. F. H. Kriss were forcibly stripped and searched. A few dollars were found on them. The money was given back and they were released eight and one-half hours after being made prisoners. But one woman, suspected of having consorted once with a gambler, was not so lucky. Five hundred dollars found on her was confiscated.

This outrage deprived the Governor of the support of his last newspaper. Colonel Robert Ewing, publisher of the New Orleans *State* and the *Times* of Shreveport, the man who had done more than any other to make Huey P. Long Governor, now turned upon him in fury. He joined the other editors of New Orleans in denouncing this abuse of power, but the Governor did not care.

"We'll do worse," he declared in concluding a reply.

Annoyed by the Governor's interference in the legislative chamber, a Senator threw a copy of the constitution of Louisiana at the executive's head one night last spring as Mr. Long was haranguing a committee.

"Maybe you've heard of this book," he shouted.

The Governor picked it up, looked at the title, and threw it aside.

"I'm the constitution just now," he declared.

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Companionate Divorce*

By ARTHUR GARFIELD HAYS

SHOCKING as it may be, occasion arises where a husband and wife agree that they are mismated. Before they conclude to do anything about it, they run the gauntlet of fear and indecision inspired by the church and convention. Common social and economic interests and children concern them. Habit and the mechanics of life are a deterrent to their separation. I have known persons who continued together because they had a long-term lease on an apartment. Thus, even in this modern age where divorce does not necessarily stamp one as "unrespectable," marital relations are not often broken thoughtlessly or with frantic haste.

If a married pair reach the stage where they are not willing to wait until "death do them part," what is the next step? Specters and ogres haunt the way. They may, of course, just separate. Whether either wants to remarry or not, this is unsatisfactory psychologically, as it leaves them in a condition neither bound nor free. In order that they may get clear the state must pry into their private affairs and some judge must conclude that someone has done "wrong." Even in the more liberal States the wrongdoer must have been cruel, an habitual drunkard, impotent, or a deserter. In others he or she must have committed adultery. Decent people seem to have little chance to solve their marital problems in accordance with law.

Mary and John were young, attractive, intelligent, childless, mismated, and incompatible. Their emotions were so dead that they did not any longer quarrel. Each would wake up in the morning with an unreasoning resentment toward the other. Life was full of gloom. Even a long vacation, each from the other, did not lighten the burden.

"John," said Mary wearily, "this cannot go on."

"Mary," said John patiently, "it's as tough on me as on you, but I don't know as we ought to talk it over. We'd be guilty of collusion."

"Well, we know what we want. Let's go to see a lawyer."

"Two lawyers," corrected John.

"That seems foolish," said Mary, "we haven't any money to waste. Let's see one to find out if it's necessary to see two."

"You go alone," said John, "how would it look for both of us to go to a lawyer's office about a divorce?"

As a matter of fact John and Mary labored under a not unusual misapprehension as to the legal meaning of collusion. There is nothing in the law that prevents an agreement, where the facts would entitle either party to a divorce, nor is conversation about incompatibility illegal, though one must be cautious. Collusion involves a conspiracy to obtain a divorce decree by false or manufactured evidence.

Mary went to a lawyer's office. The first questions were: "Has your husband been unfaithful to you?" and "Have you evidence?" On the first point, Mary had some doubt; but the answer to the second was in the negative.

"The only ground for divorce in New York State is adultery," said the lawyer.

"But I don't like to sue him on that ground," answered Mary. "And, anyhow, how would I know?"

"That isn't difficult, if he is agreeable to a divorce," answered the lawyer. "Under no circumstance can there be any agreement in advance."

"I don't quite understand," said Mary.

"It's fairly simple," answered the lawyer. "John should retain a lawyer. We shall confer. We will agree that there is no evidence at the present time. I shall tell him that if at any time his client is ready to make an admission, I shall investigate and check up on the occurrence."

"Wouldn't that be collusive?" inquired Mary.

"No, that's the law."

When Mary related this to John he insisted that it was impossible. He did not intend to drag any other woman into the affair. So back went Mary to the lawyer.

"How about Paris?" she inquired.

"That can't be done any more," was the answer. "The Paris courts have become particular about residence. A number of lawyers got into trouble last year. Anyhow, there might be some doubt as to the validity of a foreign divorce where the residence is short and arranged for the purpose, and where the ground is one not recognized in this State."

"You might go out to Reno," he suggested. "You'd probably have no difficulty in showing that your husband was cruel to you. If your husband appears in an action out there or is served with process within the State, then by reason of the Full Faith and Credit Clause in the Constitution the divorce would be recognized in the rest of the United States. You'd get all through in about three months."

"But," said Mary, "I don't want to commit perjury. I won't claim that John has been cruel or in any way improper in his attitude toward me. Isn't there some other place?"

"That's the shortest residence in the United States," answered the lawyer.

"How about a Mexican divorce," inquired Mary.

"It's of no legal validity whatever," answered the lawyer. "You might, of course, get a Mexican divorce, live apart from your husband, and then if at any time either of you wanted to marry again, that one would go down to Mexico and enter into a marriage there. Neither the divorce nor the marriage would be recognized in New York State, but you would not be committing bigamy because the remarriage did not occur in this State. Of course, there is a statute here against adultery. If anyone made charges there might be difficulty in a magistrate's court, but I do not think this would amount to much. The question would probably be regarded as one involving civil law. However, after remarriage under such circumstances, you would have to be careful in traveling from one State to

* The third in a series of articles on marriage and divorce. Alimony by Miriam Allen de Ford will follow shortly.

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another, in view of the Mann White Slave Act. Of course, if such a divorce were obtained and there was a remarriage, then the other party could sue for divorce in New York State, naming the new husband or wife as corespondent. Then there would be a valid divorce. But I am not at all sure that you would not have to swear in Mexico that John had deserted you or had been cruel to you."

"Do you mean to say," said Mary, "that there is no place that will make us free human beings, without all this chicanery?"

"It seems not," answered the lawyer. "There are places where you could get a divorce if you and John separated and remained so for a certain length of time. But even then you would have to establish a bona fide residence."

How Mary and John solved their problem I do not know. They probably separated. (So far as children are concerned, this would have the same effect as a divorce, for, in either case, John would provide.) In the course of time if either wanted to marry again, it would be necessary to adopt one of the subterfuges required of New Yorkers, South Carolinians, and others who desire a new family life.

The law is still based on the theory that divorces only come about because one party is injured and that only the innocent party is entitled to freedom. In the stricter States the injury must consist of the other party having committed the unpardonable theological sin. A husband may be mean, brutal, intemperate in habit, and shiftless; the wife may be petty, nagging, irresponsible, or insane, and yet the other party is helpless.

As a matter of fact, however, everyone knows that it is almost impossible to fix blame anywhere for an unfortunate matrimonial venture. No one can tell whether the wife's nagging is due to the husband's derelictions or the husband's derelictions are due to her nagging. No one, not even the parties themselves, can tell whose the fault may be if sex relations are unsatisfactory. While there may be some reason, where the parties differ, for permitting divorce only on the demand of an innocent party, assuming that fault can ever be placed, yet it is hard to see rationally why two people who agree that they do not wish longer to live together should not have a divorce. And the situation becomes still more absurd when we remember that, if marital relations are so unsatisfactory that both husband and wife have indulged in outside relations, then on proof of the facts neither can obtain a divorce.

We shall assume that economic questions and those relating to children are fairly adjusted. The individuals concerned can arrange these things more equitably than the courts, and at any rate their agreements are always subject to court supervision. But with these matters, which do concern society, out of the way, is there any rational basis to deny divorce by consent? What arguments weigh against it?

1. That those "whom God has joined together," etc. Of course, this contains an assumption which life often seems to discredit. Anyhow, if this has validity, why the exception when one has "done wrong," which exception represents the law in most Protestant countries?

2. That marriage is a sacrament. Again a theologic assumption. Likewise there are exceptions, justified by regarding a dissolution as an annulment and not a divorce.

3. The Keyserling theory that marriage and the conservation of a family are social duties which have little to do with personal happiness. The thinly veiled suggestion is that the emotional and sexual life should find an extra-marital outlet. But, in Anglo-Saxon countries, that supplies the chief ground of divorce—the law concerning itself not with the question of whether two persons are happy together, but whether either is happy with someone else.

4. That stability in human relationships is socially desirable. We might agree with this, if the cost in frustration to the individual is not too great. But one may question whether strict laws—or those based upon the theory of "fault" or "wrong"—bring about the desired result. Many a time two people are miserable (with the natural effect on children) when three or four might be happy. And the argument assumes that husband and wife are held together by law which postulates a potency in the law which doesn't exist. Somewhere, somehow, people will find a way to escape a bond which makes life intolerable. Desertion has been said to be the poor man's method of divorce.

5. That if companionate divorce were permitted, the unwilling party would find difficulty in withholding consent. True, but the same holds good today. If one is mean or cruel enough, one can make oneself so insufferable that consent may be gained. It may take two to make peace, but it takes only one to make a quarrel.

6. That there are in every marriage occasional periods where the principals think they want a divorce and that if divorce were too simple, few marriages would be of long duration. That may be true, but the answer would be found in a law which would provide that divorce be granted by consent where husband and wife have remained separated for the period of a year!*

Cruel, barbarous, theological, and antiquated divorce laws assume a lack of stability, decency, and responsibility in human beings. But irresponsible and unstable persons behave always as they choose. Fear may influence them, but there are ways to freedom that the law cannot prevent. My plea is for a divorce law that will suit the needs of adult men and women who have the not unnatural view that they can solve their own problems better than the courts.

Shore Fear

By JOHN WALDHORN GASSNER

And never a sound from the sand-dunes came
That glowed like snow-men in the moon, behind us,
And nothing but sound in the darkness found us
In front where we walked naked in grass.

Only the whiteness was nothing less than sound,
Rearing a parapet as high as waves.
Halted by noise and sand, we drove the staves
Till straightened, and made the canvas sure,

And inwardly wondered how in a waste
Where sea was endless and sand was slight snow
Something of prison crept up on a toe,
Held and made us wish we were more than two. . . .

* The Scandinavian countries have this law. Wisconsin has adopted the principle but the period is five years.

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"Don't Be Silly"

By ZONA GALE

Portage, Wisconsin, March 10

THE Wisconsin University *Daily Cardinal* recently published an editorial entitled, Don't Be Silly. The writer related that in a Paris cafe an American man made a comment which a Parisian interpreted as an insult. At once, in a manner now so well observed in musical comedy, the Parisian leaped to his feet and challenged his "enemy" to a duel. On which the American grinned at him across the table, and said kindly:

"Don't be silly."

Not novel at all was the college publication's comment that presently one nation, feeling insulted or greedy or intensely defensive and declaring war on another nation, will be met in effect by "Don't be silly," and will be invited to a conference table. But it is of the first importance that this view should be expressed in a university's daily paper. The national student attitude as a whole on the matter of militarism has been supine and subservient to tradition. "Military tactics has been offered, military tactics is offered, military tactics will be offered," students have said in effect. Especially have the land-grant colleges regarded themselves as bound by a piece of legislation which went into effect in the sixties, immediately following the precipitation of the Civil War.

The story of the introduction of military tactics into land-grant college curricula has recently been investigated in an effort to ascertain why military training and land-grant colleges are associated at all. According to this investigation, made by a member of a land-grant college faculty, the first reference to land-grant colleges in the *Congressional Globe* is on page 32 of Volume 36. Under the House proceedings for December 14, 1857, there is a note that Mr. Morrill introduced a bill granting public lands to the States for the purpose of establishing colleges to teach agriculture and the mechanic arts. The specific purposes of the grant are given on page 1697 of the *Congressional Globe* in the following words:

> . . . endowment, support, and maintenance of at least one college where the leading object shall be, without excluding other scientific or classical studies, to teach such branches of learning as are related to agriculture and the mechanic arts, in such manner as the legislatures of the States may respectively prescribe. . . .

This bill was passed by both House and Senate without change in this part. It was vetoed by President Buchanan on February 26, 1859.

Virtually the same bill was introduced in the House on December 16, 1861, and reported on adversely by the Committee on Public Lands on June 5, 1862. The same bill was introduced in the Senate May 2, 1862, and passed on June 10, 1862. The Senate bill was passed by the House on June 17, 1862, and signed by President Lincoln. This was the law under which the land-grant colleges have been established. The specifically stated purposes of the grant are as follows:

> . . . the endowment, support, and maintenance of at least one college where the leading object shall be (without excluding other scientific and classical studies, and including military tactics) to teach such branches of learning as are related to agriculture and the mechanic arts, in such manner as the legislatures of the States may respectively prescribe, . . .

The expression "and including military tactics" therefore had been added after the bill was originally introduced in 1857. Presumably this subject was suggested by the exigencies of the Civil War, in progress at the time that President Lincoln signed the bill. For the question of including military tactics was not even mentioned in the debate as reported in the *Congressional Globe*.

Whoever is responsible for the insertion of the three words "and military tactics" is therefore responsible for much more. For over a period of sixty-seven years, the interpretation was modified and its parts magnified, until "and including military tactics" came to mean "and compelling military tactics." The "main-object-shall-be" clause was not regarded as inviolably imposing "such branches of learning as are related to agriculture and the mechanic arts," since the study of agriculture and the mechanic arts is by no college made compulsory upon every student! But by some strange emphasis, the phrase "and including military tactics" has succeeded in laying an obligation upon every freshman of a land-grant college.

Regardless of one's opinion of the value of military training, it seems loose procedure that the training of thousands of college boys should hang upon a phrase so casually included in the text of a law otherwise not literally interpreted. For no one could rise to peaks of much indignation that every land-grant college freshman is not compelled to the study and experimental practice of agriculture, and no one would feel that thereby a contract had been violated. Even the Morrill law did not contemplate this, and even the "main object" of the law was not laid down as compulsion to teach either agriculture or the mechanic arts. Yet for sixty-seven years three words of a parenthesis in the bill, added without debate after the bill was drawn, have been regarded as iron-clad by all the land-grant college faculties in the United States.

The first legislature successfully to challenge this situation as affecting a university was the Wisconsin Legislature in 1923, and by the use of three words. Chapter 226, Laws of 1923, added the words "at his option"—thus substituting optional for compulsory military training. At that time, many argued that the law was a violation of the Morrill act, that the youth of the State would be unequipped to play their parts as citizens, and also that more youths than ever would come forward and enrol for the training. The legislators acted on the assumption that the Morrill law would not be violated by their action and that the university knew other ways of training for citizenship.

The number of freshmen electing military tactics since 1923, the year of the passage of the bill, is as follows:

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Years	First semester registrations in military tactics	Total registration Freshmen and sophomore men
1923-1924	1,345	2,442
1924-1925	1,264	2,441
1925-1926	951	2,463
1926-1927	815	2,796
1927-1928	811	3,160
1928-1929	600	2,911

It will be seen that while the enrolment has steadily increased, the number electing military tactics has steadily decreased, with the following percentage:

In 1923-1924, 55 per cent; in 1924-1925, 52 per cent; in 1925-1926, 38 per cent; in 1926-1927, 29 per cent; in 1927-1928, 25 per cent; in 1928-1929, 20 per cent. The percentage has declined still further in the second semester of 1928-1929, when five hundred and seventy-five have elected the "science."

These figures, from one of the large universities of the country, speak intelligibly and with an emphasis beyond the emphasis of words.

The Barrier to Balanced Trade

By DREW PEARSON

Washington, April 1

WE have been congratulating ourselves on our enormous and expanding export trade. We have been doing this so blandly and so consistently that part of what we have been talking about has come true.

It is true, for instance, that the value of this foreign trade—both imports and exports—has jumped from four and one-half billions in 1913 to more than nine billions in 1928. It is true that this trade now ranks only a half billion below that of the British, whose very life-blood is the stream of raw and finished merchandise which enters and clears their ports. It is true also that this foreign trade is like Mr. Micawber's shilling: it tips the scale between prosperity and poverty. It is true, furthermore, that this growth is the natural outcome of our indefatigable energy, our system of large-scale production, our genius with machinery, plus Mr. Hoover's sales promotion. And finally it is true that we shall struggle to continue its expansion.

There is only one factor which is erroneous, deceptive, and unhealthy. This factor is perhaps the most important of all. Most trade is trade only when it is paid for. If it is not paid for, it is a gift. But our trade is by no means entirely paid for. Every year our customers find themselves unable to bridge the gap between what they buy and what they are able to sell. Every year they bridge this gap by the simple expedient of borrowing our money to pay for our goods. And every year the gap widens and the day is postponed when our surplus exports must be recognized as etherial or these loans must be chalked up as charity.

The reason for this is obvious. We have salted away most of the world's specie. We have erected immigration bars which scale down the remittances which immigrants once sent to Europe. We have established a merchant marine which reduces the fees we once paid to foreign shippers. Finally and most important of all we have erected a tariff wall which makes it extremely difficult for our customers to pay us in kind.

During 1927—the last year for which figures are available—the world sold us half a billion dollars' worth of goods less than we sold to it. This deficiency would have been more than made up by the money our tourists lavished at Biarritz and the "Folies Bergères" had it not been for the fact that the world owed us a billion dollars of interest on its war debts and on its fifteen billions of private loans. So last year the world once again arranged with our bankers to borrow a billion dollars and thereby balance the account.

This has been repeated so regularly that the amount of money we have lent abroad between 1914 and 1928 and the aggregate excess of our exports over our imports almost exactly balance. And this system is to continue. Mr. Hoover and Congress are pledged to see that it continues. Congress is to convene on April 15 charged with the task of upsetting the natural law by which goods are exchanged when one man or one company or one country has the skill or the natural resources or the geographic conditions to produce them cheaper and better than their competitor, and Congress is to erect tariff barriers behind which the domestic producer may produce, no matter how uneconomically, and because of which we shall continue to sell our goods with the money which we lend.

From the advance hearings of the Ways and Means Committee of the House of Representatives it is possible to get a very clear idea of what Congress is expected to do. It is also possible to get a very clear idea of the opposition Congress may encounter from the Americans who have sent their money to the tune of fifteen billions into the countries which, in certain lines of production, have certain skill and certain resources and geographic conditions which we cannot equal.

Consider for instance the case of jute. Jute is raised in the Bengal valley of India and this is the only place in the world where it can be raised. During its growing season jute requires an average temperature of 95 degrees Fahrenheit plus heavy precipitation. It must have the monsoon rains which swell the Ganges every year until the fields are so flooded that the plant, when harvested, can be thrown into water to rot and become soft enough to extract the fiber. And since the plant contains six times the weight of the fiber, the cost of transportation of the raw product is prohibitive and the rotting must take place in the field where it is grown. Jute, therefore, would seem to be a commodity which the hand of God reserved for Indian production and which should not incur the penalty of a tariff.

But the cotton growers of the United States appear to have set their hand against the will of God. Despite the fact that they cannot grow jute, despite the fact that 60 per cent of the jute we purchase is used by the farmer, and despite the fact that tariff increases will cost the farmer $42,000,000 for his gunny-sacks and twine, the cotton growers demand that

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jute pay an increased tariff of three cents per pound. Their object is not to cultivate jute, but to kill jute as a competitor of cotton yarns for sacking and binder twine. They estimate that if jute is excluded from the United States they would have an increased market for 1,500,000 bales of their cotton.

However, they reckon without their fellow-countrymen who have invested fifteen billion dollars abroad, part of which has established jute mills all through the Bengal valley. These Americans not only object strenuously to having their investment jeopardized, but point out that should India's jute industry be ruined she would have to adopt a substitute, which in all probability would be cotton. They also point out that since Great Britain could not risk the political unrest resulting from serious economic depression in India, and since Britain now buys from the United States enough raw cotton to relay to India two billion yards of finished cloth, Britain would have to encourage that substitute. The result of any war on jute by the American cotton grower, therefore, needs very little imagination.

Or consider the case of casein. Casein is a by-product of skimmed milk used in the manufacture of glossy paper. It is manufactured chiefly in the Argentine, where the great open ranges of the Pampas furnish green forage all year round. This green forage gives Argentine casein a quality which cannot be duplicated by American cows whose forage for nearly half the year is not green. Chiefly because of this, American coated-paper manufacturers send all the way to Argentina for their casein when they could obtain it from Wisconsin, New York, Vermont, or California.

Thus Argentina appears to be particularly blessed by the gods of climate with a peculiar aptitude for producing casein. And since the basis of international trade is the ability of one country to specialize, it would seem logical to put casein on the free list, thereby helping Argentina to balance her lop-sided trade with the United States, which is already two to one against her. But the Ways and Means Committee does not see it that way. It does not believe it possible that the blessings of God could be so distributed as to slight the United States.

Says Congressman Jack Garner of Texas: "Do we not pride ourselves in America on being able to have enough ingenuity to produce any article that the Argentines could produce? I have never heard it advanced that the Argentine people were any more advanced in their civilization and in their arts of production than the people of the United States."

Listen again to Congressman Charles R. Crisp of Georgia when told that Sumatra wrapper tobacco is far superior to that grown in Florida and Georgia: "Can you give any reason why nature has so discriminated against the United States that all her natural materials, all her raw products, are inferior to those of other countries?"

"Yes," replied Henry L. Hirst, who manufactures five-cent cigars in Philadelphia. "In the Dutch East Indies they plant tobacco on the same soil only once in eight years. In America we do not give sufficient rest to the soil.

Congressman James G. Strong of Kansas has even less faith in the generosity of God to American agriculture. He maintains that heavenly oversight should be rectified by man-made tariffs. He maintains that the American farmer thought he was being protected against Argentine beef competition by the embargo against hoof-and-mouth disease, until he suddenly discovered that Argentine beef in cans, and therefore germless, was entering the United States in increasing quantities.

The reason for this Argentine invasion Congressman Strong explains as follows: "The cost of pasturage down there on those great plateaus is $1 for twelve months, while out in Kansas and the Central West we are paying $5 to $7 for pasturage for five summer months and then roughing them through the winter."

Apparently Congressman Strong has not heard that international trade is based upon territorial division of labor and the theory that countries export those goods which their climate and their skill have peculiarly fitted them to produce. Nor does he appear to have heard the theory that the American housewife who buys meat is entitled to the benefits of cheap Argentine forage, just as the Argentine housewife who buys an American sewing-machine is entitled to the benefits of cheap mass production.

American bankers and meat packers, however, have heard of these theories, so that Mr. Strong and his supporters find themselves up against the fact that Armour and Swift and Morris, anxious to reap the advantages of Argentine forage, have exported to that country part of the fifteen billions we have lent abroad, and are now engaged in selling us Argentine canned meat.

These illustrations could be multiplied ad infinitum. There is the case of Americans who have established green vegetable ranches in Mexico and Cuba to cater to the New York and Chicago markets during December and January, and who have now brought down about their heads the tariff threats of the Florida and Texas producer despite the fact that for climatical reasons it is difficult for the latter to market his vegetables much before February or March.

Then there is the case of the Florida Avocada Growers Exchange which bemoans the fact that in Cuba avocados grow on trees and "bear heavily without any care or the use of fertilizer"; and therefore it asks that the consumer be penalized with a tariff because "in Florida we are obliged to use intensive methods of agriculture."

And finally there is sugar. That controversial commodity is peculiarly adopted to cultivation in a tropical climate. Cuba and Porto Rico and the Philippines, having taking advantage of this fact, now find themselves facing penalization by Louisiana and the Mormon church because of the climate which the good Lord gave them. Louisiana and the Rocky Mountain beet-sugar States desire an increased tariff against Cuba and a limit to the amount of sugar the Philippines can sell us. They desire this not only because of climate, but of cheap labor—forgetting, no doubt, that last year the beet-sugar companies swamped Congress with testimony that the Box bill limiting Mexican immigration would eliminate cheap labor and thereby ruin their industry. So the ablest of special pleaders have been retained to lead this tri-cornered combat—General Enoch H. Crowder, who will defend the country to which he was once ambassador; General Frank McIntyre, former Chief of the Bureau of Insular Affairs, who will befriend the Islands which he once bossed; and Senator Reed Smoot, in the interest of the Mormon church, of which he is second in command.

Such is the line-up for the Congressional tariff war: Special aptitude versus special privilege; American capital abroad versus American capital at home; an equitable balance of trade versus unpaid though bulging exports.

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In the Driftway

A YOUNG woman has just been awarded her Ph.D. degree at the University of Chicago, her doctorate thesis being a study of the time-honored subject of ishwashing. The Drifter has not read the thesis nor has he ny desire to do so. From accounts of it he learns that it ontains, among other things, a series of tables on just how nany motions and how many minutes are required to con-luct a dish soiled from the dinner table to the pantry shelf n a pristine condition. But apart from such tabulations, vhat interests the Drifter is that the successful candidate has aken all the romance out of her subject.

* * * * *

FOR there is romance in dishwashing. There was a time when as a child he wiped dishes to the tune of ongs without number—from "Massa's in the Cold, Cold Ground" to "In the Shade of the Old Apple Tree"—with oth his parents singing and working. He recalls occasions vhen, a member of an hilarious chain gang, he passed dishes rom table to sink to pantry shelf with almost incredible apidity, only half a dozen plates or so being broken in the rocess. The experiment was even tried at about this period f tossing freshly wiped cups and saucers across the kitchen rom the sink to a confederate at the opposite wall, where he shelves were, until the protests of the cups' owner, who eared she would shortly be minus crockery of any kind, led o its reluctant abandonment. He remembers dishes washed y a campfire and dried with a handful of hay—or not at ll. The most charming elderly lady of his acquaintance vas at her best when she dried china cups to a high polish nd carefully wiped ancient silver spoons.

* * * * *

ALL this, of course, lifts dishwashing to a plane on which it is not always seen. There is drudgery in imple tasks daily repeated, and done everlastingly in the ame way. Why not, then, use a little imagination? In-roduce variety; wash your own dishes today and your next-door neighbor's tomorrow; institute a rigorous system of itchen police in the home by which Father washes on Sunday, Mother on Monday, and the five children succes-ively on the remaining days of the week. If there are fewer han five children, import some from neighboring homes, or nvite the minister or the school-teacher to supper and let each take his turn at redding up. The notion that guests must never be permitted to suspect that there is a kitchen n the house is a highly erroneous one; household chores are never pleasanter than when done in somebody else's home. The Drifter once knew a sensible man who lived alone and did his own housework; he made his bed faithfully every morning, but his system about dishwashing was not strictly according to Hoyle. "I figure," he explained, "that plates don't need washing as long as I can remember what I ate on them. If I say, 'eggs this morning, beans last night, stew yesterday noon, bacon for breakfast yesterday morning —but what did I have to eat the night before?'—then I guess it's about time I washed everything off and began over." This is surely as effective a labor-saving device as any invented by a Ph.D.

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Correspondence

One Good Man

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: In your issue of March 6 you speak of the Coolidge Administration being characterized "by the mediocrity or downright shabbiness of the men appointed to high administrative judicial posts." Would it not be quite within the limits of propriety if you were, in that connection, to call attention to the fact that in so far as appointments to the Supreme Court of the United States are concerned, President Coolidge's record will bear comparison with that of any of his predecessors? Only one vacancy occurred during the five years and seven months that Coolidge was President, and this vacancy was filled by the appointment of Mr. Justice Harlan F. Stone. It would be difficult to point to an Administration that has made a higher average on Supreme Court appointments.

St. Louis, Missouri, March 21 Lawyer

A Pippin

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: This old farmer so enjoyed What a Woman Farmer Thinks by Winifred Almina Perry in your March 13 issue. It's a pippin.

Middletown, New York, March 19 Homer M. Green

More Appreciation

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: Am writing to express appreciation for the article in *The Nation* of March 13 entitled What a Woman Farmer Thinks by Winifred A. Perry. Until six months ago I was living in Illinois, as does Miss Perry, and I was living on my father's farm. I know from personal experience and from the words of many farmers that her description of the life of the present-day farmer is not too vivid. Folks here in New York and in the East generally do not, as I believe, know anything at all of the tragic situation of the farms in the Middle West, where farm after farm is being abandoned, where the farmer in many cases has borrowed so heavily that banks are failing. The Middle West situation is one which merits the attention of all *Nation* readers—they seldom get such well-written articles and such truly portrayed conditions of rural life as this one in your last issue. More power to Miss Perry and to you.

Cranford, New Jersey, March 14 Paul V. Trovillo

Farming as Big Business

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: I read the article by Winifred Almina Perry, What a Woman Farmer Thinks, with interest and some amusement. It seems, and undoubtedly is, true that many people think that all that is necessary to become successful farmers is to have a patch of land, some stock and tools, and whatever you have on a farm. Being reared on a farm doesn't necessarily produce a farmer. The fact is that the farm problem has got to a pass where it needs overhauling and remodeling; in fact it needs to be rebuilt into a going concern.

The farm today and for many years past has been and is in the same condition and state as was the old-fashioned store. The store has vanished—almost—and something has taken its place. We all know what the chain store is, what the department store is, what the big corporation is. Most of us know what caused the change and what became of the old storekeepers. The same thing is going to happen to the farmers. People like the author of the article, her brother, and his wife, have no business on a farm, any more than a real farmer has business teaching. You can't make farmers as you can stenographers and bookkeepers. But the new farmer that is coming won't have to be a farmer. All he will need be is able to run farm machinery. The new big farms will have their farmer managers, their veterinaries, their crop experts. In fact, farming will get out of the guess-work stage into the industrial world where it should have been fifty years ago. We worked ourselves into the grave improving farms for the bankers eventually to own. It will be the best thing that ever happened to this country when the poor, the small, and the would-be farmer is seized and gobbled up by the industrial monster—big business.

Omaha, Nebraska, March 12 G. C. Boyd

Right in the Solar Plexus

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: Thousands of disappointed people could have told what is wrong with *The Nation,* but the *New Masses* beat everybody else to it:

> He [Heywood Broun] suggested that *The Nation* was too solemn and that its editor, Mr. Oswald Garrison Villard, ought to be taken to a night club occasionally and shot full of synthetic hell. Wrong. Sin and gin will not help *The Nation.* Mr. Broun himself has been helped by neither. Tex Guinan has not helped him to courage, or wit, or passion, or greatness. A Broadway night club is not a nursery for brave thinking. Mr. Villard might do better if he left off his boiled shirt for a few nights and panhandled his bed and board along the Bowery. Mr. Villard needs bitterness, not expensive fun. He has had the latter all his life. Heywood Broun needs a little iron too. This country just now badly needs a few bitter men like William Lloyd Garrison. It stinks with a well-fed mellow complacency, the spirit that elected Herbert Hoover.

Pretty good. Heywood Broun might well remember John Greenleaf Whittier who could be a holy firebrand on occasion though he did not go to night clubs. Gandhi is no rounder. The noble army of martyrs is a band of winsome and sober people. *The Nation's* trouble is senility and trivialness. Its old readers who hang on from habit are doomed to be put off from week to week with its pious alarm or mild satisfaction or tempered grief at this or that trifling fluctuation in the damnable system, here politely scolding, there gently encouraging, while the great injustice and the real evils are discreetly neglected. Preoccupation with non-essentials. Dispersal of wholesome ardor that might have been usable.

When *The Nation* all but declared for Smith, and, presumably out of sheer cowardice over the word "socialism," rejected a platform practically identical with the lukewarm half-measures that it has repeatedly stood for, it should have openly relinquished all pretense of being a liberal paper. But it didn't have the intestinal fortitude to do even that. Those who think radically and act as they think will continue to read *The Nation* as a chronicle, because as such it is useful. But all the joy is out of it now.

Atlanta, Georgia, January 30 Leslie A. Adams

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Moscow's Fatherless Children

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: In an article about the *Bezprizorni* or vagrant children of Soviet Russia, in this issue of *The Nation,* I have mentioned one colony of 200 boys from the age of 9 to 14, where teachers and students alike exist, work, and achieve on an income that would be considered utter destitution in America. They did not ask for money, nor would they. But when I said I would place this matter before the American public and ask for contributions for the school, the directors and teachers were deeply grateful. Surely from America enough money can be sent to help support one home. Any funds received will be at once forwarded to Moscow. Send contributions to *The Nation,* 20 Vesey Street.

Moscow, January 3 Agnes Smedley

Whither Physics?

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: In your issue of February 13 an article appeared under the title, Einstein's Latest, which was not only superficial in practically all of its statements, but was utterly unjust to both the monumental establishment of modern physics and its greatest exponent, Albert Einstein. The writer of the above-mentioned article insists that the whole drift of contemporary science is in the direction of pure mathematics and away from the laboratory; that the present-day physicist spins formulas out of himself; that the modern physics textbook is almost as far from any observable phenomena of nature as the Summa Theologiae itself. He concludes this article with the bold statement: ". . . if this sort of thing goes on much longer science is going to find itself ruling a realm as autonomous and as remote as that of theology itself."

Had the writer of that article looked around him, he would have seen such a widespread activity in the field of experimental physics as has never been witnessed in the past. In this country as well as in others tens of thousands of physicists are working patiently in their laboratories, devising ingenious methods to unravel the secrets of nature. The discoveries of the last twenty-five years compare very favorably with the discoveries of any previous periods of that duration. Some of these advances brought into question, or were in direct contradiction to the "classical theory" of physics. Two or three years ago very few physicists would have doubted that electrons were corpuscles, yet the recent remarkable experiments of Davisson and Germer prove that in certain cases they behave like waves. The reconciliation of the wave theory and the quantum theory, each based upon irrefutable *experimental* evidence, is one of the greatest, if not the greatest, problem of contemporary physics.

While the writer of the quoted article is incorrect in stating that physics is drifting away from experiment, he is right in the statement that physics is becoming more and more mathematical in its treatment. But is this an alarming fact or is the natural trend of every experimental science? Einstein's theory of relativity was not spun out of his own head, but derived from experimental facts of very far-reaching importance. The results of the famous Michelson-Morley experiment could not be explained on the basis of the absolute space and time of classical mechanics. Einstein had to devise a new set of equations which would give a correct mathematical formulation of experiments involving very high velocities and very large masses, and which at low velocities and small masses would reduce to the old Newtonian equations. He succeeded in devising this set of equations, and his faith in the correctness of his equations, *based on experimental facts,* was so great that he dared to predict phenomena which had never been observed before, such as the bending of the rays of light coming from distant stars in the gravitational field of the sun. The observation followed the mathematical reasoning. Some may call this an "alarming" fact, but if we keep in mind that the experimental fact followed a mathematical formula, *which itself was deduced from experimental facts,* and not spun out of physicists' heads, it becomes rather reassuring.

Washington, D. C., February 11 Stephen Brunauer

Churches and War

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: Despite all the discussion on the churches and war, there can be no doubt as to their course in the event of another conflict—they will fall virtuously into line as on previous occasions. Pacifists may be divided into two classes, practical pacifists who oppose war in time of peace, and theoretical pacifists who oppose it at all times. For obvious reasons it requires courage and insight to sustain the latter kind. The churches have never given evidence of any more of these qualities than other people.

San Francisco, March 16 Irving F. Morrow

Cheaper Funerals

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: As I feel that your magazine is trying to do its part toward securing better conditions for the general public in its dealing with morticians, I wish to offer a suggestion. The Metropolitan Life Insurance Company survey, as conducted by John C. Gebhart, has been referred to in an article by Paul Blanshard, and gives as one of its conclusions that the undertaker with a dozen funerals per year must take from that dozen bills rendered enough profit to support his establishment and his family. Here is the crux of a bad economic situation and one which you are right in condemning. It is one example of how competition may keep prices up instead of lowering them. Your plan of concentrating mortuary practice into some sort of municipal affair is good sense in so far as it would eliminate the parasites. But there is another phase of it which is discounted or else ignored altogether.

The public itself has the remedy for these evils in its own hands and if the public will not exercise it let us, in all fairness and decency to a profession struggling hard to purge itself of the crooks and gougers, withhold such sweeping condemnation as has been offered in some quarters in the past. Most of this gouging is foisted upon men and women when they are more or less helpless with sorrow. Too often bereaved persons are urged by someone at the bedside to "get an undertaker immediately." Look out for this "immediately" recommendation; it is too often the advice of someone interested in securing a commission. It certainly is the advice of one who does *not know.* Please tell your public that a modern mortuarian can successfully care for any case of death in six, or eight, or ten hours. There is no hurry to call a mortician. My suggestion is that the public take time after death occurs to find out what it can expect from a mortician and what various types of funeral will cost, even if this means "shopping around" at a difficult and trying period of their lives.

Brooklyn, N. Y., March 2 Frank K. Fairchild

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Books and Plays

Hills

By NANCY BYRD TURNER

Men climb tall hills to suffer and die,
This is a truth as old as the race:
Bowed to the wind on Horeb's face,
Blinded with awe on Sinai,
Scuffing with oaths to Tyburn place,
Lone on Pisgah and Calvary—
All through the ages, God knows why,
Men climb tall hills to suffer and die.

Disenchantment

The Modern Temper. By Joseph Wood Krutch. Harcourt, Brace and Company. $2.50.

THIS book deals candidly, and without offering a solution, with the despair which has beset intelligent people in recent years. The values which formerly seemed unquestionable have now somehow gone dead, and many people find nothing by which they can be enabled to see life as dignified and serious. The various aspects of this despair are admirably treated by Mr. Krutch. He has a chapter called The Disillusion with the Laboratory, setting forth how science has cheated our hopes; a chapter called Love, or the Life and Death of a Value, setting forth the steps leading to such cynicism as that of Aldous Huxley; a chapter on The Tragic Fallacy, explaining why we can no longer see ourselves as Hamlets or Othellos; a chapter on Life, Art, and Peace, which neatly disposes of the attempt to view life as an art; and a chapter on The Phantom of Certitude in which he demonstrates that there is no salvation in metaphysics. In his conclusion he suggests that possibly the way of life advocated by Russian Communists may rejuvenate the world, but he refuses to be comforted by this thought, since the Bolshevik way of life rejects certain values which to him are essential. "Nature," he says, "may bid us embrace some new illusion before it is too late and accord ourselves once more with her. But we prefer rather to fail in our own way than to succeed in hers. Our human world may have no existence outside of our own desires, but those are more imperious than anything else we know, and we will cling to our own lost cause, choosing always rather to know than to be. . . . Ours is a lost cause and there is no place for us in the natural universe, but we are not, for all that, sorry to be human. We should rather die as men than live as animals." These concluding words are apparently, but perhaps not really, out of keeping with the rest of the book, for we learn from them that there is one thing in which Mr. Krutch believes with all the vigor of a Victorian, namely the pursuit of knowledge. It is true that in a previous chapter he has explained how difficult knowledge is to achieve, but his last words show that he considers the pursuit worth while even if the quarry should escape.

It is, I think, fairly clear that the modern man will not find an issue from his despair in any kind of hedonism; the tendency appears to be toward something rather hard and rather inhuman. Music and painting have grown harsh, and the intellectual life is no longer allowed to minister to our softer sentiments. Perhaps the most important chapter in the book is the one on love; belief in the value of love is, as he says, a comparatively modern thing, but it survived the decay of religious belief during the nineteenth century. And enthusiastic persons set to work to free love from the shackles of convention; in so doing, unwittingly and unintentionally they lessened its value. He illustrates his meaning by Aldous Huxley's novels. "His characters still feel the physiological urge and, since they have no sense of sin in connection with it, they yield easily and continually to that urge; but they have also the human need to respect their chief preoccupation, and it is the capacity to do this that they have lost." I think Mr Krutch is right in holding that religion, tragedy, and love have all decayed through a similar reason, namely a diminution in our estimate of the stature of human beings. We cannot any longer take ourselves quite so seriously as we formerly did, and that is why the things which we can most respect must have some non-human quality. The men who are happy in the modern world are the Communists, the captains of industry, the engineers, and the men of science, that is to say those whose main preoccupation is man's relation to his material environment. The disenchantment with which the book deals is, I believe, a passing malady, most noticeable among those who have had an old-fashioned literary education, whose values therefore come out of the past; to them the new world seems very bleak, but I doubt whether it will seem so to those accustomed to it both by their education and by their professional activities.

For more reflective minds there remains faith in the value of knowledge, to which in his last sentence Mr. Krutch confesses with a martyr's intensity. For my part, I have found this invariably sufficient to give value to life; it is perhaps not the kind of faith to be an inspiration to all and sundry, but the disillusionments discussed by Mr. Krutch also do not affect the great mass of mankind, and therefore the answer to them need not be one which makes a wide appeal to simple souls. I should like to say in conclusion that the book is profoundly interesting and very penetrating in its analysis. Every candid reader will be grateful to the author for not providing a cheap solution.

BERTRAND RUSSELL

The Catholic Enigma

While Peter Sleeps. By E. Boyd Barrett. Ives Washburn. $3.

THE ordinary non-Catholic, though he may know something of Catholic theology and church history, usually lacks means of acquainting himself with prevailing Catholic practice. Those of his Catholic friends who will discuss religion at all prefer to deal with dogma or to describe the ideal conduct of the devotional life. Rarely can such a person learn how a pious Catholic family brings up its children, in what mood the average Catholic approaches confession, or in what manner the mass of Catholics regard the Bible. That some Catholics are superstitious in their religious behavior and others eccentric it is easy to observe, but the extent of eccentricity and superstition is something the non-Catholic is unable to gauge. The bigotry of a section of the Protestant clergy is repeatedly revealed to him, but of the bigotry of Catholic clergymen he has only intimations.

On such topics Dr. Barrett's "While Peter Sleeps" is gratifyingly informative, and for that reason an uncommonly interesting book to read. Only incidentally, however, is it intended to edify those without the fold. Its expressed purpose is to demonstrate to Catholics the need for reform. Dr. Barrett, writing sometimes as a sufferer from Jesuit harshness and

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arrowness, sometimes as a trained psychologist, and almost lways as an intelligent and reasonably emancipated observer, ims, on the one hand, at the modernization of the church, and, n the other, at its purification by the abolition of a number f practices that, in his opinion, are not only unwise but also vithout sound authority in tradition. Among other changes he rges the complete revision of Catholic education both in the ome and in the school, the elimination of threats of hellfire s a means of preserving discipline, the sharp restriction of esuit influence, and the introduction of a considerable degree f democracy. He favors the abolition of the celibacy of the riesthood, the modification of the official attitude toward birth ontrol, and the recognition of the independence of the Catholic hurch in America.

All this is certain to provoke many a sharp response from cclesiastical authorities and their loyal supporters among the aity. That there is any likelihood of these reforms being dopted is—and Dr. Barrett certainly knows it is—not to be reamed of. It is pleasant, however, to consider the possibility, f only to try to imagine what a Catholicism so altered would e like. In one passage the author reasserts his loyalty to the rganization that has practically—or perhaps entirely—dis-wned him, speaks of "God's abiding presence in the church," nd declares that it is "this supernatural magnetism" that holds ogether the faithful. But if Catholics were not trained as they re, if they were not threatened as they are, regaled by ritual s they are, consoled by little superstitions as they are; if, in hort, the church relied on its supernatural magnetism and the ight of pure reason, what would become of it? Dr. Barrett elieves the church would be finer, and that is true; he also be-ieves it would be stronger, and that is doubtful. What is this esiduum of pure Catholicism that is to be revealed when all the excrescences are cut away? Dr. Barrett obviously believes incerely in its existence, but he is vague as to its nature.

Let us return to the point of view of our non-Catholic, who is, we shall suppose, neither committed to any church, nor, a priori, opposed to any church. He will, it is clear, be more than friendly to Dr. Barrett's projects for reform, though he will scarcely agree to adhere even to this purified Catholicism. On a more realistic level he will study with care and misgiving Dr. Barrett's picture of the church as it is. He will observe the well-documented account of the church's attitude toward science, the analysis of church government, the discussion of education and propaganda. And he will probably resolve to let no amount of abhorrence for Protestant bigotry betray him into advancing the cause of the Catholic church as it is at present constituted.

GRANVILLE HICKS

Art and Magic

Artlover. Vol. II. J. B. Neumann's Printroom, New York. $3.

THE subtitle of this handsomely made and copious book is "The Anthology of an Art Merchant." But it is more than an anthology; it is a summing up, a condensation and congelation, representing three years of J. B. Neumann's tender adventures among graphic masterpieces.

Neumann is one of the most original and individualistic of art dealers. From obscure places he is forever emerging with works that are "neglected, misprised, and little known," and over these works he hovers with a devotion almost maternal, arranging them with tender care, and praising their merits with an enthusiasm which never flags. This is not to indicate that Neumann's treasures are derived from new and unminted artists. On the contrary, one finds in his catalogues such names as Rembrandt, Lorraine, Delacroix, Dürer, Daumier, and Rowlandson among the older masters, as well as Matisse, Marin, Weber, Kuhn, Kissling, Chagal, Sheeler, Beckmann, Roualt, and Becker among the moderns.

What Neumann particularly loves to do is to rediscover some neglected work, some little Orphant Annie, of one of the masters and reintroduce it with a bit of pungent and accusing comment; or to drag forth from the darkened nooks of aesthetic history some name which has become hidden under an undeserved dust. For example, this is his bold introduction to a print by Albrecht Altdorfer:

> The work of this master is the most sensitive and tender of his time; his graphic will one day stand, without doubt, above that of Dürer.

Even more pungent is his comment attached to Rembrandt's etching, "Man at a Desk Wearing Cross and Chain":

> One would like to believe that the etchings of Rembrandt, like Dürer, have received their full measure of honor. But this is not the case. Only those photographic imitations of nature, the so-called classics, a thousand times reproduced, are passed with applause and big checks from collector to collector; the living revolutionary works, breaking all academic chains, such as "The Lion Hunt," many Bible illustrations, or "The Beggars," go begging from hand to hand like keepsake mezzotints.

It is fitting and highly characteristic that Neumann's book should have as frontispiece an illustration of a carved magician's wand from the African Congo; for to him the artist is a magician and he who is permitted to own the artist's product becomes thereby possessed of a wand whose power endures through the centuries.

"Let us learn to look at all art as though it were primitive or prehistoric, the work of the famous Anonymous!" Which saying reveals the heart of the book.

PHILLIPS RUSSELL

Southern Prophet

The Motives of Proteus. By Jose E. Rodo. Translated from the Spanish by Angel Flores. With an introduction by Havelock Ellis. Brentano's. $4.

FOR many years Rodo has occupied, among Spanish American prose writers, the same position which Ruben Dario occupies in poetry. But he is deemed not only the most important literary figure South America has produced within recent decades, but its greatest thinker as well. And for some intellectuals below the Rio Grande who resent the insidious infiltration of American culture—who feel "the danger of the North," as they put it—Rodo has been more than a thinker and stylist; he has been a sort of prophet or patron saint. They have flocked to him, the youths and Rodinesque *penseurs* of the South, to learn what he had to teach about the modern Caliban, who daily gains in influence over the Southern Ariel. Caliban, they learn, believes in brutal force, in the unrelieved monotony of mass equality, where no excellence may prosper; and its hegemony is a danger to Ariel who, lost in the contemplation of the ideal, retains somehow the purity of primeval nature before the fall.

Widespread as is Rodo's popularity, however, it may be questioned how much is he really read. His "Ariel" and his "Tres Ensayos" are found in every Latin-American bookshelf, very much as "Walden" and Emerson's "Essays" are found in every American home. The "Ariel" (translated into English a few years ago) is read, being a comparatively small book. But it is difficult to believe that there are many persons equipped with the hardihood to go through the "Motivos." Latin Americans do not balk as a rule at rhetoric, however empty, however rambling. They have a taste, indeed, rarely

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shared by Americans, for rich embroidery of words, for rhythm of prose, for onomatopœia and resonance of phrase for its own sake. But for a long time I have had a suspicion that Rodo, in his more ambitious essays, does not satisfy Latin-American taste. Honeyed words will in the end cloy, nor is there anything more tiresome than tramping through soft sand. His prose, in this book especially, has both effects upon the reader. It cloys him and exhausts him. Here are parables in profusion, to illustrate platitudes; beautiful paragraphs, to convey obvious thoughts; rhetoric woven into heavy brocades, to cover vacuity. "Self-renewal is life" is the text of this sermon, but it takes Rodo 362 pages of closely printed English text to point out that self-renewal must beware not to "demolish the altars of that sacred divinity called the *genius* of the race." He does attack, and in a brave manner, the middle-class smugness of his own people, thus attempting what Nietzsche succeeded in doing in his "Thoughts Out of Season." But he has no vigor to offer, no exalted hardihood to point to. And the self-renewal of which he speaks is in terms of that spirituality of the nineties, something similar to the gem-like flame of Pater, the sterility of which has already had enough occasion to demonstrate itself.

However much may have been said by eminent authorities, such as Señor Isaac Goldberg, about the quality of Rodo's influence upon Latin America, I believe a serious consideration of all the factors involved will adjudge that influence detrimental, rather than beneficial. Rodo never achieved personal originality, nor did he ever become an autochthonous thinker. At his best, he was a popularizer of French thought, bringing to the consideration of political and social problems an attitude of literary idealism and an undigested sophistication too tender and remote to cope successfully with the complex difficulties facing Latin America. The result of this idealism was to give impetus to dilettantism in the Southern continent. With his lyricism he sanctioned the Spanish-American tendency to escape difficulties of a practical nature by pronouncing literary incantations upon them. Again, if Caliban is really as monstrous as Rodo painted it—and he was not competent to pass judgment upon the quality of American life—it cannot be fought off with poetry or with lay sermons. Nor can the course of its empire be thwarted by calling it names. Nor will Ariel ever achieve expression or authentic spiritual autonomy by borrowing from the facile lucubrations of literary thinkers from the Boulevard.

None the less, to the American reader, curious about his Southern neighbors, this book—if he has the courage to read it through—will be of interest in a documentary sense as expression of a psychological type rare in the United States, but to be met with in South America; a type marked by a tendency to dream quixotic impossibilities in lyrical language, irrespective of hard facts. And a type which, through some inexplicable lack of serious criticism, is generally accepted as the spokesman of its people.

ELISEO VIVAS

The Middle Ages

Founders of the Middle Ages. By Edward Kennard Rand. Harvard University Press. $4.

IT has come to be accepted among the truisms of historical inquiry that the Middle Ages are at last to have their proper and serious estimation; at least the fashion of passing them by as the arid period of logic-chopping inanities has gone. The historian recognizes now, rather, an embarrassing mass and richness of materials such that it is scarcely possible to begin any study since each problem suggests a precedent problem which needs to be attacked first. Professor Rand, therefore, spreads much needed light by going back to beginnings to seek out the founders of the Middle Ages. The question he sets for himself concerns the cultural formation of Western Europe: the influences that entered, the men and the works that expressed and molded those influences, and the consequences in the characteristic thought of the Middle Ages. There is a nice turn of development in the antithetical attitudes of the early church faced with the monumental remains of classical culture: during the first four centuries of the Christian era pagan learning was very broadly the object of Christian suspicion; by the sixth century Christian ecclesiasts were the sole custodians of classical culture. For four centuries the Scriptures, with their crude language, their solecisms and primitive cosmogony, were difficult for the refined sensibilities of trained rhetoricians, to such an extent that, for example, the conversion of Augustine was delayed for years because he could not bear to read the Bible; by the time of Cassiodorus there was a movement to reform education that the Bible might be made the basis of studies, and by that time there was much talk of the poetic beauty of the Psalms and other scriptural books.

It is across this period that Professor Rand's exposition carries him. Such interesting figures as Tertullian, Minucius Felix, Ambrose, Jerome, Augustine, Boethius, Cassiodorus, Prudentius appear, and since they have appeared so little in the histories that are widely read, it is of inestimable service that they should be presented in such readable form by so eminent and distinguished a scholar. The theme of the attitude of the church toward pagan culture is worked out in detail; the development of the new education and the new poetry is traced in two chapters which are perhaps the most valuable of the book, for they present in small compass analyses of poets and poetic changes, analyses of educators and educational programs which are not treated so clearly and compactly elsewhere.

But the fine humanism in Professor Rand which makes possible his appreciation of these developments, and which has led him to present them in so lively and interesting a book, frequently carries him beyond mere exposition. It would be too bad if he had undertaken the work with no interest save that of historical precision; but at the other extreme it is conceivable that his recurrent desire to show the modern parallel of these events of the first centuries of Christianity has led to distortion. He is recalled constantly by the distaste evinced by early Christians toward the classics to the plight of the classics in the curriculum of the modern college—in fact, the frontispiece of the book is an excerpt from the Harvard catalogue of 1830-1831, intended, of course, not to illustrate the thought of the church fathers but to show that we like them have fallen from the classics. Professor Rand catches a modern note of progress in the attitude of the "founders": his exposition of the deeds and doctrines of Gregory the Great is taken up almost entirely with the parallel of his attitude in that of President Eliot of Harvard. Sometimes this tendency to see the present in the past leads to a quizzical attempt to express the past in the trappings and idiom of the present, and inevitably, sometimes, the text reads like low comedy. For example, in the exposition of the "De Nuptiis Mercurii et Philologiae" of Martianus Capella, the bride Philology appears as "Miss Philology," "very much of a college graduate, and just the girl to take Mr. Mercury in hand." The "tender passion," the "proper amount of hesitation," the consent of the parents, the wedding along the Milky Way at which all the "best people are present" are also to be found in the narrative.

Such criticism of a book intended for wide circulation is, of course, picayune. When popularization is performed as ably as it is here, a little whimsy is excusable in the style. But it is perhaps less carping to point out that Professor Rand's humanistic approach has exposed his work to errors; they seem

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to be errors which grow from the rapidity of his survey. Thus, he remarks that the "Hexapla" of Origen, the six-fold text of the Old Testament, had the Hebrew in the first column, and five Greek translations in the remaining columns. Of course, the work has not survived except in fragments, but enough is known of its characteristics to make clear that the first column was Hebrew in Hebrew characters, the second Hebrew transliterated into Greek characters, and the translations of Aquila, Symmachus, the Septuagint, and Theodotion appeared in the remaining four columns—although in some versions the number of columns was increased to eight, and then there were six translations. Or again Professor Rand says that Boethius "finished his translations of the 'Organon,' the works on Logic." Probably he did, although some scholarly doubts have been raised concerning whether or not he translated the last three books of the "Organon." Professor Rand might have added that we do not have the complete translation, that even in the time of Abelard only the first two books were extant; and he might further have added that there is reason to believe that Boethius might also have finished the translation of the "Physics" and the "Metaphysics." Again, it is not clear why Professor Rand translates *substantia* "substantive" instead of "substance." Such objections might be multiplied, but they are all very specialized inquietudes. For a work of popularization the "Founders of the Middle Ages" is extraordinarily accurate, and doubtless its end justifies its manner of exposition and its excursions into modern instances.

RICHARD MCKEON

Poet and Thinker

Richard Dehmel, Der Mensch und der Denker. Von Harry Slochower. Dresden: Carl Reissner Verlag.

THE best service of this able and learned book is likely to be that it sends one back to reading Dehmel's poems. For its central thesis is vitiated by the author's failure to grasp the inherent philosophicalness of poetry as well as the essential poeticalness of philosophy. Thus he finds, for instance, traces of the Hegelian dialectic in Dehmel, despite the fact that Dehmel seems to have understood Hegel but ill. Doubtless these strong traces exist. But they argue no relation between Hegel and Dehmel except a creative and spiritual one that has nothing in the world to do with "influences" or "parallel" passages or all the rest of the worthy and useful apparatus of scholarship. The fact is that any poet whose emotional reactions are strongly tempered by reflection might and would easily hit upon the Hegelian method of reconciling the apparently irreconcilable elements of life into a transcendent harmony; it is equally true that the value of the Hegelian dialectic is not scientific but poetical and creative, that the thinker of the Hegelian type is one who establishes a poetically and ethically satisfying *Weltbild* by methods that differ only in intellectual technique from those of the lyrical or philosophic poet. And what is true of Mr. Slochower's discussion of Hegel and Dehmel is equally true of his discussions of the relations of his poet to other thinkers. The case of Nietzsche is slightly different in character, first because the two men were so close to each other in time, secondly because Nietzsche took little pains to disguise the poetical character of philosophy and was more or less frankly the prophetic artist and poet. Mr. Slochower, finally, protests a little unduly to prove that Dehmel's sympathy for labor still left him a right-thinker in regard to the economic structure of society and does not psychologically ground Dehmel's various attitudes regarding both nationalism and war.

Rereading the poems after the lapse of some years is not an altogether happy experience. The turgidness in many of them seems to have thickened and the intrusion of intellectual elements to have become more obvious. Many rhythms seem more gesticulatory than they once did and a good deal of the diction to have lost its nutty concreteness. A handful of poems, on the other hand, which deal both lyrically and philosophically with contemporary life still stand out as fresh and lovely achievements that, in their own kind, no other poet in any language seems yet to have matched. Perhaps modern life is too complicated to be forced into verse at all and perhaps lyrists will give up the effort to do so. In that case, which I suspect to be the true one, a small section of Dehmel's work is sure of its isolated and excellent position in literature.

LUDWIG LEWISOHN

Men in Masks

Adepts in Self-Portraiture. By Stefan Zweig. The Viking Press. $3.

IN the last story in Stefan Zweig's book, "Conflicts," the Privy Chancellor D. says: "We can know human beings only through the fire that is in them, only through the passions." The old Chancellor's colleagues have presented him with a copy of his collected works. But he feels that the volume represents only one part of him; the core of his life, the essence is not there. The Chancellor goes on to say: "Thus once again did I (who have spent the greater part of my days in portraying men as they disclose themselves in their works, and in trying to make the intellectual structure of their world substantially realizable) learn from my own experience how inaccessible in every one of us is the essential core, the plastic cell out of which the impetus to growth proceeds." Then Zweig tells the story of the passionate early experience of the Chancellor from which his whole life took shape. What Zweig accomplishes for this character in his story he accomplishes with equal success for Casanova, Stendhal, and Tolstoi, these three adepts in self-deception (for the title is ironic). The adeptness in portrayal is Zweig's, for, without his reading, insight, enthusiasm, never for most readers would these three men emerge from the subtle roles they have created for themselves. Nor do they step into the scene with "souls by Zweig," but very truly, one is sure, in their own souls, clarified by this writer's amazing technique of controlled Freudian attack, by his telescoping of time and events (this method suggested by the films), and by the mystery of the creative power that a first-rate author shares with Deity.

Zweig is most wary of accepting as truth statements in memoirs and autobiography. In the introduction to these "Portraits," he writes:

> The art of self-deception is refined and sublimated by the wider experience, by the growth in psychological knowledge, designed to avert self-deception. One who manipulates truth roughly, prentice fashion, will produce lies which are crude and easily recognizable. Not until a man has a subtle mind are his falsehoods subtilized, refined, so that they can be detected only by one as subtle as himself. When thus subtilized, they assume the most perplexing, the most illusive forms; and their most deceptive mask is invariably the semblance of honesty. . . . When you are reading an autobiography, and come to a passage where the narrator appears amazingly frank attacking himself ruthlessly, it behooves you to walk warily, for the probability is that these reckless avowals, these beatings of a penitent's breast, are intended to conceal some secret which is even more dreadful. One of the arts of confession is to cover up what we wish to keep to ourselves, by boldly disclosing something far more tremendous.

Guided by this conviction, then, Stefan Zweig does not see these three men exactly as they saw themselves. He sees

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through them, and this vision makes them not less but more real. He explores the elaborate documentations of these men who "went back into themselves," and discriminating between what is self-revelation and what is self-betrayal, discovers their passions, the fire within them, the essence. It adds much indeed to their stature as writers and as men to have convincing and illuminating evidence that the unreflecting Casanova, with no very conscious desire for fame, wrote to outwit the horror of boredom; Stendhal, unsure of everything outside himself, to hold together a most volatile ego; Tolstoi, suffering a climactic upheaval, to escape the thraldom of his repressed sexuality. The portraits are credible and brilliant.

ANGUS BURRELL

Conventional Portraiture

Statesmen of the War in Retrospect, 1918-1928. By William Martin. Minton, Balch and Company. $5.

THIS is one of those books, especially numerous in the field of reminiscence, which derive their interest more from the standing or experiences of the author than from the intrinsic novelty of what they contain. Mr. Martin has had a long experience as a journalist, first as a correspondent at Berlin from 1907 to 1914; then as a correspondent at Paris in 1915-1916, and later as editorial writer and foreign editor of the *Journal de Genève*. Punctuating his work as a journalist came five years of experience as an official of the League of Nations. In these various capacities he has had a chance to know more or less well a considerable number of European statesmen and others, and to observe something of what was going on behind the scenes as well as near the footlights, and it is upon his experiences that he appears to have drawn in writing the twenty-three sketches that make up his book.

The reader who has kept fairly well abreast of what may be called the personality literature of the World War will not, however, find much in the book that is new. Mr. Martin has obviously observed and reflected, but there is no clear proof in his pages that he saw or knew more than a number of other correspondents saw or knew, or that his reflections probed more deeply than theirs. His point of view, now that the war has become history, may be described as conventionally liberal. His sketches of the Kaiser and von Bethmann-Hollweg present the usual, but not the extreme, Allied view of German responsibility for the war, at the same time that he has been so little affected by recent publication of documentary evidence that he can affirm, without explanatory qualification, that "it would be unjust to assert that the responsibility for the European war lies upon Pachich and his country," and that "the suggestion that the Serbian government was concerned in the outrage at Serajevo is entirely unfounded." He is sharply critical of Lloyd George and some of that gentleman's performances, predicts that Clemenceau "will live in the spirit of the people by the side of Bayard, Joan of Arc, and Du Guesclin," appraises very justly the juristic qualities of the Poincaré mind, declines to be misled by the apparent successes of Bratiano, and recognizes the patriotism and honesty of Sonnino while condemning him for failure to understand the spirit of his age and for trying to carry out, in an age dominated by Wilsonian thought and personality, "the Bismarckian policy which brought Germany to her ruin." Some, at least, of the defects of Wilson's character are clear to him, but most of the faults with which Wilson was charged, he declares somewhat enigmatically, were "faults which he could not help," while "almost everything the peace contains that is good and lasting and really constructive was his work."

There is no novelty in all this, of course. What Mr.

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Martin has to tell, on the other hand, is well written, the clarity and liveliness of French style serve him well, and incidents are abundant. To those readers who have been too busy getting over the war to read much about it, and who now feel able to evaluate Mr. Martin's judgments and prepossessions with a reasonably cold mind, the book may be cordially commended.

WILLIAM MACDONALD

Books in Brief

And Then Came Ford. By Charles Merz. Doubleday, Doran and Company. $3.

Mr. Merz has written an unimportant book on a most important theme. The invention of high wages and low prices as a profitable business policy may prove to be more revolutionary in its social consequences than the discovery of the steam engine. Henry Ford has been both its inventor and its chief promoter. There is need of an outstanding biography of Mr. Ford, just as there is need of a new economics based upon his theories and practices. But Mr. Merz has written neither one nor the other. He has attempted to interpret Mr. Ford's life in terms of American development, and America's progress in terms of Mr. Ford. Both America and Mr. Ford suffer as a result—from the *tour de force* of so close an identification and also from the highly colored journalese in which Mr. Merz has written his book. He has not added anything to the public's knowledge of Mr. Ford or American history; but he has given a vivid panoramic sketch of the incredible fantasy that is America and the true-story fairy tale that is Mr. Ford's.

Generally Speaking. By G. K. Chesterton. Dodd, Mead and Company. $2.50.

The chief function of Mr. Chesterton has been, of course, the raising of objections. Toward the real solution of contemporary problems he has seldom made the slightest contribution, but he has frequently been of value in calling those problems to the public attention. He has never, for example, made any but the most fantastic suggestions for mitigating the evils of industrialism, but he has inculcated a healthy skepticism about its alleged blessings. For that reason it is a little painful to observe the extent to which he has himself adopted the methods of mass production, and now employs them quite as effectively as any of the American captains of literary industry. The formula for the essays in this new volume is almost scientifically simple: the few and familiar ideas, long since given adequate statement in "Heretics" and "Orthodoxy"; a sprinkling of jokes, most of them old; at least one "Chestertonian" paradox for each essay, rather more pig-headed and considerably less pointed than the paradoxes that made him famous. And if it be objected that no one else could use this formula so well, that there is a sparkle that makes the essays tolerable, the answer obviously is that of course Chesterton has talent—if he did not, there would be no point in complaining because he abuses it.

Some Bigger Issues in China's Problems. By Julean Arnold. Shanghai: The Commercial Press, Ltd. $1.25.

With the aid of three remarkably graphic charts the sympathetic American commercial attaché in China attempts to persuade the Chinese that they need most of all better transportation; more mechanical productivity; more sense of responsible trusteeship. Hu Shih in a passionate foreword (the book is printed in both English and Chinese) asserts that the Chinese need to experience with a sort of religious repentance "that we Chinese are backward in everything and that every other modern nation in the world is much better off than we are."

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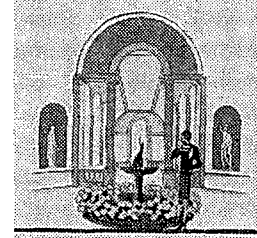

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Drama

Decent Death

"JOURNEY'S END" (Henry Miller's Theater) is probably the best war play we have had so far, or at any rate it is difficult just after seeing it to remember any other. This in spite of the fact that it is utterly simple and quiet, consisting as it does of conversations among a handful of British officers in one undistinguished dugout before St. Quentin in March, 1918. There is very little booming of guns, though the Germans are only seventy yards away in dugouts which one realizes are just like this one. Such noise as does come down is rather like gently rolling thunder; there is more significance, perhaps, in the intermittent flares of green light that speak softly of No Man's Land and death lying in wait.

Death comes in due time, and comes to all of the men whose acquaintance we have made. We have heard them all talk, we have come to like each one of them for some special reason—Captain Stanhope for the very quality of his ill temper, Lieutenant Osborne for his warm and wise avuncular intelligence, Lieutenant Trotter for his Cockney virtues, Lieutenant Raleigh for his boyish stoicism, the Colonel for his sadness, and even Lieutenant Hibbert for his blue funk. They are all our good friends, all decent civilians like ourselves. It is only by a trick of fate that these particular men should be in this trench at this time, under orders to meet the great German attack on Thursday morning without so much as a thought of retiring. As the terrible time draws near we begin to wish that other men whom we do not know were here. Eleven years ago we read of that spring advance in the papers, and noted with comparatively little emotion that whole sections of the British were wiped out. That was because we didn't know the men. We know these. Why, they are exactly like ourselves. One of them certainly should be back teaching school; another belongs among the hollyhocks in his wife's garden; a third has much to explain to an English girl. They have no business here at all. They are good men without any hate for the Germans, civilized fellows for whom the war has already gone on a year, two years, too long. Then after an almost intolerable suspense the worst happens, the trench is demolished, and the play ends.

The English author, R. C. Sherriff, may have had no other intention than to write a good play. He has done that, but in addition he has furnished all lovers of war a spectacle which will leave them thoroughly sick around the heart, or in the pit of the stomach, or wherever the imagination of man resides. They will remain free to believe that war is good for warriors. I do not see how they can ever suppose again that it is good for nine hundred and ninety-nine citizens out of a thousand.

MARK VAN DOREN

"The Black Crook"

"THE Black Crook" is the immemorial fairy tale on which rests most musical comedy, to say nothing of many a grand opera. It is a romance which is used every other day on Broadway, told in an idiom of another day. The opening tuneful scene of the lovers, so soon to be parted, is no more to be laughed at than a wedding cake, and is as time-honored as a Christmas tree or an Easter egg.

Yet, from the moment the curtain rises in the Lyric Theater, in Hoboken, the audience rocks with laughter. It splits its sides. It roars. It yells. When the merry villagers appear and dance a swinging and spirited measure, which seemed to have in its remote ancestry the fine folk-dance of the *Schuhplattler,* the audience bellowed. They greeted the fine work of Miss Agnes DeMille and Mr. Warren Leonard with howls. By the time the villains arrived to abduct Rodolphe, the hero, the auditorium became a cavern of serpents. Hisses, shrieks, and catcalls! Handfuls of what I supposed to be candy or confetti rattled on the stage to the confusion of the villains. Scarcely a line of the fine performance of Mr. Anthony Andre, the Black Crook, was audible, and the delicious and awe-inspiring scene of the Brocken was perforated with hisses and shouts. The audience enjoyed itself—instead of the show.

The lights went on and, filled with curiosity, I turned to see who had been hissing down my back like a basketful of snakes. Lo and behold, it was none other than Ma and the girls! A lady with silver-gray hair and silver spectacles, accompanied by her three middle-aged and well-upholstered daughters, had been making the noise. A young lady who had sat near me in the restaurant, a pretty creature with every evidence of being a refined female, had sung, stamped, and hooted in a frenzy. The audience as a whole was above the ordinary Broadway audience in appearance. It had distinct highbrow strains, and many persons were in evening clothes.

So at "The Black Crook" in Hoboken there are two shows. One is the delightful play presented by Messrs. Morley, Milliken, Throckmorton, and Gribble. The other is offered by this unusually intelligent and well-dressed audience. It is a fine, instructive mass spectacle. It is interesting to know that for years the playgoers of New York have wanted to let themselves go, that their idea of a good time has been that of the old gallery gods who, however, when they created a turmoil were promptly taken care of by the bouncer.

I must say that I enjoyed the performance of the audience, and I recommend it as being well worth seeing, though it must be a little hard on the actors, for one of them said to me: "I couldn't help but be surprised when a shower of gumdrops was thrown in my face by a fine-looking woman in evening dress." I understand that there are evenings when Mr. Gribble begs the excited and enthusiastic audience to refrain from throwing missiles at the actors.

But much as I enjoyed the unconfined joy about me, I should like to hear as well as see "The Black Crook." I should like to settle back in comfortable German fashion, and watch the grand divertissements and spectacles. I should like to give my entire attention to the fine balance of the forces of good and evil which keep the lovers apart and bring them together again. I would willingly enjoy the handsome dragon and the flying skulls and the various satisfactory devils on the Brocken, without having people poke me in the ribs or split my eardrums. It seems to me extraordinary that so distinguished an artist as Mr. George Hermann, pantomimist, should go through half of his act before the audience perceives that it is seeing a performance of the first magnitude. Miss Beth Meakins, as Carline, and her songs and dances had a better chance. The audience insists on keeping her going at the risk of her life and limb and of the performance as well.

I understand that some captious persons have complained that the ladies of the chorus do not weigh what they should, that their hips are too small and their waists too large. This is quibbling. The Amazon chorus is a heart-filling spectacle, and their song, "I Sing Because I Love to Sing," is a grand piece of humor. Not soon shall I forget the impressive voice and presence of Miss Radiana Pazmor or the entrancing performance of the grand ballet by Miss DeMille.

I should like, undeflected, to enjoy these and the many other individual excellences of detail and scenery, of specialty dances, which have all been so happily and humorously unified through the perfect direction of Mr. Gribble.

MARY HEATON VORSE

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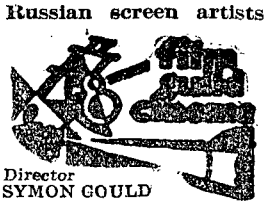
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International Relations Section

The "Wild" Children of Russia

By AGNES SMEDLEY

Moscow, January 3

THE *Bezprizorni,* or vagrant, half-wild children of Soviet Russia, constitute one of the saddest phenomena of our time. These children are orphans whose parents were killed or who perished in the World War and the Soviet Revolution; or they are the orphans left from the devastation of the invading foreign armies which America and its allies financed and equipped in an attempt to destroy the revolution; or they are children left by the terrible famine of 1921-1922 which Soviet Russia could not meet alone because it had been laid prostrate by the World War and the invasions.

There are some two million of these vagrant children in Russia. The exact number in Moscow alone is not known, but it is variously estimated at between ten and twenty-five thousand. In 1918 and 1920, before the famine began, Moscow had some 50,000 of them. Children abandoned by their parents in recent years add to the list—for there are irresponsible and neglectful parents in all lands. Most of the children are boys between the ages of nine and eighteen, the majority between twelve and fifteen. How many have perished in the years since the beginning of the World War cannot be estimated.

The first contact with this problem is more than shocking. Wherever you go in Moscow you find boys in groups begging during the day and sleeping at night in garbage bins, holes, caves, old pipes or boxes, or asphalt kettles. They go through the street-cars looking hungrily under your feet and each seat, hoping to find a lost coin. Their begging is more often an aggressive or fierce demand. People give because they know there is no other means of caring for large numbers of them. Many of the children are abnormal, undoubtedly due to suffering and experiences that no child should have to pass through. Many are addicted to every kind of vice—drinking, gambling, drugs; many are diseased; the majority are thieves; and some of them have already murdered.

The entire work of caring for the *Bezprizorni* is under the direction of the Children's Committee of the Central Executive of the Soviet Union. In 1926 a special commission was organized in Moscow to catch as many children as possible and take them to one of the many colonies opened for them. Three thousand seven hundred and fifty children were taken from the streets in 1926, and an additional 2,792 in 1927. The number taken during 1928 I do not know, but it was very great, because from the first of the year the system of sending the children to peasant homes throughout the country was put into practice. The number in Moscow has noticeably decreased, but they are still to be met in every part of the city. The Communist Party has just issued a decree calling upon every party branch to turn its attention to this matter that there may be no vagrant child in Russia by the end of 1929. By official decree, any perso who sees one of the children on the streets has the right to cap ture him and take him to the central collecting station locate in the Central Institute for Mother and Child. But to catc an older boy is a task that few would wish to undertake, fo not only would it require physical strength and speed, but i he were with a group, as is usually the case, the pursue would probably meet with a shower of stones.

Many of the children go willingly with the inspectors or they find their own way to one of the homes or colonies especially in winter. At the central collecting station in th Institute for Mother and Child, they are kept for tw months under observation, engaged in the workshops in th meantime. An organization for the psychological, intellec tual, physical, and social study of the children works i cooperation with the institute and is gathering very valu able material. After examination and observation the chil is sent to one of the following institutions: General chil dren's homes, of which there are 189 in Moscow housin 5,675 children; Moscow provincial children's homes, o which there are fifty, housing 3,647 children; colonies fo *Bezprizorni,* of which there are seventeen in Moscow an five in the provinces. Defective children are sent to home for defective children, of which there are five in Moscow Those who have criminal pasts are sent to special homes unless they are defective, which is generally the case. And thousands of them are sent to peasant homes.

In all of these homes and colonies the children lead a regular and disciplined life, giving four hours to school study and four to practical training. The course of study is four years, at the end of which time they can, and generally do, go into a factory and take their place as productive members of society. The university is open to those who wish to study further, for all students are supported by the government. Experience so far, however, shows that most of them prefer practical work. Statistics show that about 6 per cent of the boys entering homes or colonies run away because they cannot endure the disciplined life. The doors of the institutions are not locked, so that any boy may leave when he will—thus eliminating the psychological reaction to being locked up that most of such boys would have. But every attempt is made to hold them—through interest in work, education, love, and understanding.

The expenses of caring for the children are borne by the Commissariats of Education, Health, and Social Welfare, but there is not sufficient money to provide for all. When you ask why all are not taken from the streets, teachers and officials alike reply in desperation that they have no place to put them and no money to support them when they have them. Moscow has grown from a city of 1,500,000 to one of 2,500,000 within ten years and the housing problem is more than acute. Many of the colonies that receive the boys exist on the ragged edge of nothing. Many of the teachers receive forty to fifty rubles a month. In one of the colonies I visited the director told me that only 11 rubles ($5) a month was allotted for the maintenance of each child. The huge building was almost bare of furniture, the dormitories, workshops, and study rooms insufficiently equipped. The dormitories were long rows of old iron bedsteads, with board slats, a mattress, and two black

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ankets. The boys seemed to have nothing but the clothing
ı their backs, and that old and worn. Two hundred boys
om the ages of nine to fourteen were in the colony, and
eir dreary appearance would have wrung a heart of stone.
et out of this dreariness had come some very beautiful
ings: the sketching and painting studies showed a sensi-
ve and unusual response to beauty. The Wall Newspaper
as a social study in itself. The writing classes had fol-
wed a plan adopted in all the colonies: each boy has a
rge copybook entitled My Life, and in this he writes the
cord of his life. In these books are some of the strangest
ıd saddest stories ever told. Some have illustrated them
ith rough little sketches of their peasant homes.

Many other colonies, of longer standing, are better
uipped than this one. They also are furnished only with
ıre essentials, but are warm and clean, the children warmly
othed and well fed. They have their clubs, orchestras,
ıd excellently equipped workshops. Here again you could
e that out of the streets, alleys, and gutters of Russia comes
deep response to beauty and a promise of creation.

What kind of men and women these children will be-
me is a question that arouses the deepest curiosity and the
epest hope. They have a background that should produce
erature and art. Life has taught most of them to be ex-
emely inventive and courageous, and there is every reason
expect that they will carry these qualities over into other
heres of activity. The colossal problem of the government
)w is to find homes and means to care for them that they
ay turn their energies into social, instead of anti-social
ıannels.

Contributors to This Issue

GEORGE N. COAD is the editor of the New Orleans *Morning Tribune.*

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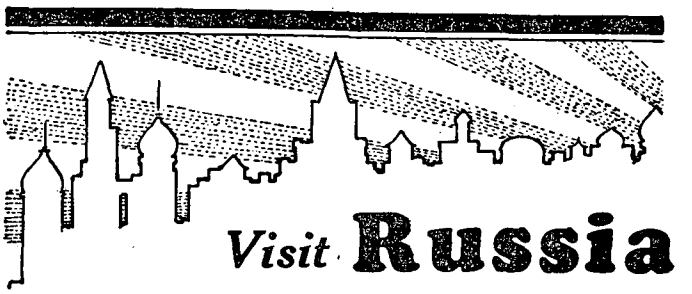
LUDWIG LEWISOHN will publish this month a new book, "Mid-Channel."

MARY HEATON VORSE is the author of "Men and Steel" and various other books.

AGNES SMEDLEY is author of "Daughter of Earth."



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